THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

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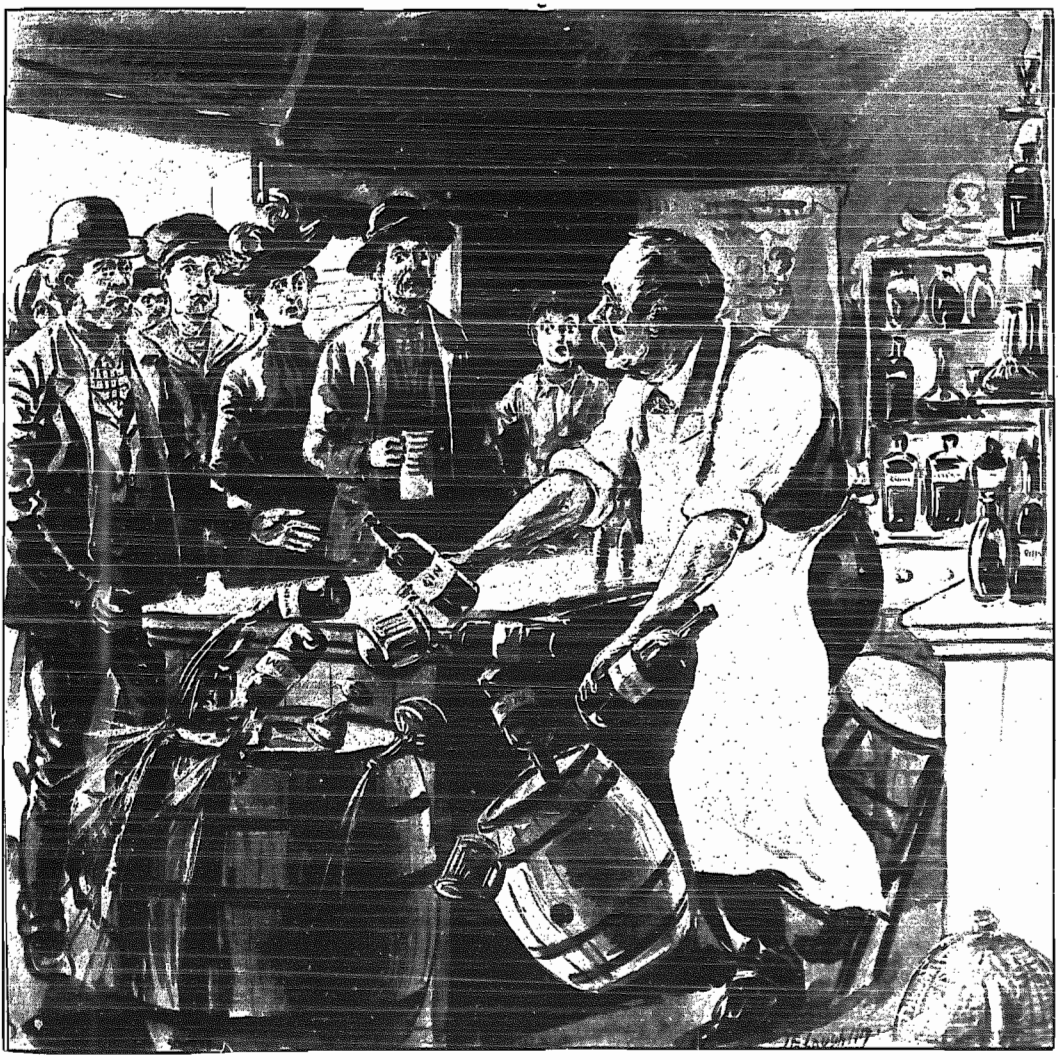

"I shall be damned if you ever got another drop here."

A SALOON-KEEPER IN HELL.

I SHALL NEVER FORGET how they cursed me in that dream.

I was standing just inside one of the gates of hell, and there was a long procession of people coming streaming down the road by thousands and thousands, as far as I could see. They passed in by me at the gate, and on towards the lake of fire.

There was no beginning and no end to the crowd, and there was no break in it.

When they found out where they were going they were awfully frightened, and screeched out.

I soon hid back as far as I could behind the door, for I saw a lot of my customers coming, and, of course, I did not want them to see me. But, presently, there was two children, with blue eyes, coming along, that I had seen in the bar only last Sunday with their mother. She was a regular customer of mine. Sometimes she'd leave the children outside at the door, sometimes she'd bring them in and give them a drop of gin.

I didn't like to see the children in the bar, poor little things, but of course it wasn't my fault if she brought them in. So there they used to sit on the bench. They were miserable little things—thin and dirty. Their father and mother weren't bad to them when they were sober, but they used to knock them about when they were drunk, of course. What could you expect?

The father was in the bar most evenings. He worked down at the docks. I knew his wife, too. He used to knock her about when she aggravated him, and once, when he was in liquor

He Got Kicking Her,

and she took to her bed and died, and he got three months.

It wasn't my fault. I never allowed him to get disorderly in my bar, and many a time I wouldn't let him have any more liquor. "Out you go," I says. But he was a regular customer, and business is business.

But I shall never forget how those two little children looked at me with their blue eyes when they came into hell and saw me there.

"Freddy," says the girl, "there's the saloon-man." I didn't know where to look, and I thought they were going to cry, but they didn't. They opened their mouths, and they said it was all along of me and such as me, that they and their parents were there, and they blasted me, and cursed me, and swore at me till I didn't know wherever children could have learned such language; but I suppose they learned it in my place, for there were pretty bad characters there.

And then the mother saw me, and began cursing, too. She had a black eye, and looked as white as a ghost, and she smelt strong of gin. But when she looked at me, fire seemed to come out of her eyes.

The other wife was there, too, with her ribs kicked in, and she up and said it was all along of me she was there, and the man came behind and cursed and swore too.

He looked just as usual, with his purple face, and his thin, kind of slimy clothes, and

He Stunk of Drink

enough to knock you down, as he always did. But I didn't care for him so much as for the women and children.

He went staggering along towards the lake of fire with his two wives. They yelled out like fiends at me. I don't know what become of the two children, but I don't think they went with their parents. I was trembling all over, somehow.

Then there came four dreadful bad girls, and a man with them. They had their hair greased and combed down in a fringe over their foreheads just as they used to—great fat girls with red faces. "Hullo, Eva, here's old Bill," calls out one of them, as soon as she saw me. "Old Scratch has got you, then, as well as us. I'm glad of it, for you've helped a jolly lot to get us here."

Those bad girls were always a bad lot, and I never liked to have them in a respectable bar like mine, but, of course, they brought us custom, and business is business.

But the way they went on now was awful. They ran at me like bulldogs, and seized hold of me by the hair, and tried to pull me along with them, and shouted out, "Give us six of brandy." I told them I had no brandy there, and asked them to behave decently; but they cursed and swore and laughed till I was almost mad.

All this time the crowd of people was pouring in, just as thick as when they come out of a music hall—thousands and thousands, for it was a great wide gate. I heard there were several gates into hell, but this was the biggest, for it was the gate of drink.

When I had struggled away from the girls, I got down behind the door again, and I found there were two gentlemen crouched down there, trying to hide too.

"Who are you, sirs?" I said.

"Hush," says one. "Hush. I am a brewer. He trembled all over.

"And I am a distiller. Who are you?" says the other.

"I am a saloon-keeper," I say.

"O, this is awful," says the brewer. "I never knew that the drink has sent so many to hell. O God, I repent! O God, I repent!"

He shook like a leaf, hiding down there in the corner; but the other man just gnashed his teeth and said nothing, till, all of a sudden, he bounced up, for there came a voice, "Charles, Charles, where are you?"

And there was a lady outside the gate, craning her neck in, and afraid to come further. "Damnation! It's my wife!" said the distiller. "Go away, Susan, go away, you fool."

"O Charles, is it too late? Are you in hell?" she says; and I saw she couldn't help shrinking away from him, though she had come to find him.

"Yes," says he, "and being destroyed there, body and soul. Go away; you preached to me enough when I was alive. Go back to the children."

"O Charles," she cries out again, "three of our children are in hell, too, I am afraid and your mother weeps all the time about you. O that cursed, cursed drink traffic.

O God! O God! O God!"

"Be off," he cried, and we heard her sobbing and crying, as she went further and further off.

We three men seemed to hate one another more than words can say. We all laid the blame on one another. The distiller said I was a low, dirty brute, who had ruined these people by letting them drink more than was good for them. I turned on him, and I says, "You're a gentleman, and I'm only a poor man, and I do it for a living."

"But you adulterate our goods," says the brewer, "and put stuff in to make the people thirsty."

"And how can I help that when there's so much competition in the trade?" I says. "I must get my living as well as you, I suppose?"

"It's not the beer; it's the spirits that does the harm," cries the poor brewer.

We all seemed like devils for hating one another, and all the time there was a gnawing, burning pain, tearing away at our insides. We found, too, that we couldn't be hid any longer; and as the crowd kept pouring in at the gate, they kept cursing us—old and young, rich and poor—and seemed ready to tear us limb from limb.

I had one boy, named Harry, that I loved above everything. I can see him now, as he used to look when I took him down for a day in the country, running about in the green fields, picking the yellow buttercups and laughing all the time. I can see his curly hair and his red lips, and I can hear him whistling like a blackbird!

O that cursed drink! I never thought it would have ruined my boy. But he came in with the crowd, rolling and staggering in, and when he saw his father he—O God!

Just afterwards she came in—my wife; we had been partners thirty years, and she always kept the accounts, and helped to make the business. And though she had a nasty temper (and it had got worse lately), I had always behaved well to her. But when she came in and saw me, that woman seemed to have been turned into a real live devil.

She stretched out her hand to all the bloated, stinking, foul folks who crowded in with her, and she catched hold of me by the arm, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and she says, "You and me have brought 'em here, haven't we, dear? Hurray? Hallelujah!

We're Damned at Last,

all of us, ain't we, Bill?"

I wrested away from her; blackness seemed to come down everywhere, and I awoke.

And there I was, sitting where I had fallen asleep, behind the bar. It was Sunday morning, and, of course, we were closed during Divine service. I heard the wife moving about in the kitchen. I saw the drink all around me. "My God!" I said. "I'll never serve another drop of it to man, woman, or child, so help me God!"

The clock struck one, the lad came out and opened the door, and in came my usual lot of customers, who had been waiting outside till the door was opened. In came Jim Styles, with his little dog, and Jim Attwell. In came Eva Rogers, with a sailor chap. In came the woman with those two children. In came Jack Phillips, and Old Hundred, and Sally Weeks, and a lot more. "A pot of four ale," says Phillips. "Quartern of rum," says Jim. "Six of brandy, and look sharp, governor," says Eva. "A quartern of gin," says the woman with the two children. "Three of gin." "Pint of mogginy." "Three of whiskey." They all calls for something.

And I gets up, and I says, "I shall be damned if you ever get another drop here. God forgive me; Christ forgive me for what I have done. I will do it no longer."

They started back, and did look scared. Some of them thought I was joking, and some of them thought I was mad. I swept down every glass and every bottle there before them, and turned the taps and let the beer run out.

It filled all the place, and the stink was like the stink down in hell.

My wife came in; she turned pale and said nothing.

"I don't care if I starve, so as I don't get those children cursing me in hell. O Lord Christ, forgive me, and save my soul, and my wife's, and my boy's."

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

APRIL 11th.

THE BACKSLIDING.

Exodus xxiv. 12-18; xxxii.

MOSES CALLED APART.

As in so many other places God commanded Moses to leave the congregation and come up on the Mount where he might speak with him alone and that He might commit unto his keeping the laws and statutes for the government of the people. We notice the preparations which Moses made for his absence, leaving Aaron and Hur to keep matters in order amongst the people.

He was away a long time—forty days and nights in communion with God. Time spent before the Throne listening to the commands of God is always good for the individual soul, and means future blessing to other people.

THE PEOPLE GET DISSATISFIED.

But while Moses stayed so long on the Mount with God the people whom he had left below began to get impatient for his return. They could not see why God should keep him so long up in the Mount. When they allowed themselves to get dissatisfied with their leader, they took the first step in backsliding. Very often those who question the wisdom of the movements of those who are in command descend soon to open and terrible backsliding. It was so in the children of Israel's case.

THEY PLEAD FOR AN IDOL.

In spite of the First Commandment, with its clear warning of idol-worship, and in spite of all the wonderful goodness and protection which the Lord had shown them, the children of Israel asked for a god made with hands. What an awful backsliding after their past history!

AARON'S PART.

More terrible even that the backsliding of the congregation was Aaron's fall. He who had taught, led, and when Moses voiced God's will in their midst, now consented to be the chief actor in this awful sin. It is an awful thing for anybody to backslide, but when it is one who has taught and blessed others it is ten times more so because of their influence. It may have been cowardice that made Aaron afraid to stand before the people and say no, but anyway it looks as if had he been brave and true he might have saved Israel from their wickedness.

THE MOLTEN CALF.

So the god was made—the people giving their jewels to make it, and then uniting in revelry and dancing round the image which they had set up. What an awful come down for the people of the Most High God.

GOD SEES IT ALL.

Moses was up in the Mount out of sight talking to God and did not know what was going on in the camp, but God saw it all. No backsliding is ever hid from Him, and this defiant and wilful departing from Him was all before His searching eye.

MOSES BESEECHES FOR MERCY.

God told Moses that in His anger He would destroy the backsliders and that He would make of him a mighty nation. But Moses put himself on the side and besought mercy for the people, and in great long-suffering the Lord promised not to destroy them wholly.

MOSES' ANGER.

But when he came down from the mount and saw the idolatry, Moses' anger rose. He felt the iniquity of their sin, and in his anger even flung the tables of God to the earth and broke them, which displeased God.

AN APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE.

As the thrilling question "Who is on the Lord's side?" rang out, some men arrayed themselves on the side of right, and to these Moses gave a grave and awful commission—to rid the camp of the idol-worshippers.

MOSES' SELF-DENIAL.

Moses' pleading afterwards on behalf of the people is very beautiful. He was willing even to be blotted out that they might be remembered. But God showed him that every man must rise or fall in His judgment on what he is in himself. No one can take the blame of a sinful soul. The Blood of Jesus is the only remedy.

QUESTIONS.

1. How long was Moses on the Mount with God?
2. How did the children of Israel backslide?
3. Why was Aaron's wickedness so bad?
4. How were they punished?
5. Why was Moses' offered self-denial impossible?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Who is on the Lord's side?"

A Siege Manœuvre.

ENSIGN TILLEY, of Perth, sends the Editor the following letter, which would have been inserted before, but for lack of space:

"I have been wondering what I could do to help reclaim backslidden Comrades in the great Siege, and a thought came to my mind to write them all a personal letter, (that is, all the backslidden Soldiers whose names are on the Permanent Roll,) and then set each Soldier in the Corps and myself a Target, giving each one a certain person to visit and save, and make a Soldier of them during the Siege."

Here is the letter:

"My dear Comrade:

"I feel infused by the Spirit of God to write you a few lines regarding your ETERNAL WELFARE. I must tell you that for some weeks your soul's salvation has been the burden of my heart, and that in view of the AWFUL REALITIES of the great JUDGMENT DAY I must ask you, in the name of Jesus, to consider your way. STOP AND THINK; turn your feet unto the paths of God; seek His face and live.

"In going over our Soldiers' Roll, I see your name as a SALVATION ARMY SOLDIER, a worker for God, a SAVIOUR OF MEN. Oh, my dear Comrade! In view of those blessed, happy days and your RESPONSIBILITY BEFORE GOD, are you satisfied with your present experience? Remember your vows to God! Think of how you have grieved His dear Son! Think of DEATH, JUDGMENT and ETERNITY. 'Remember from whence thou art fallen and repent.' Your work is still to be done. God holds you to it, and you must do it. Come back to your Saviour. HE LOVES YOU AND WE LOVE YOU. Don't delay! Time is passing by! Soon you will be standing ALL ALONE IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD, and what then?

"See for you the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is Love, I know, I feel,
JESUS WEEPS AND LOVES YOU STILL."

"God bless you!

"Yours seeking the lost,

"A. TILLEY,
"Ensign, S. A."

DOCTOR HAMILTON

Testifies to the Value of the Halifax Rescue Home.

AS PHYSICAN to the Halifax Rescue Home for the past two years and a-half, I have had an opportunity of seeing some of the good work accomplished by the Institution, and would like to give my testimony.

It has been urged against such Refuges that they encourage wickedness, by furnishing girls with a good home and an idle life; that the girls will go out and do the same thing again.

The contrary has been my experience.

Many of the young women who have fallen and taken a refuge there were deprived of their mother, or both parents, at an early age, were homeless, and sinned in the vain hope of thereby securing a home of their own. Without the Rescue Home, their fate would have been the Poor-House, then, possibly the brothel, whilst a helpless babe would have been deprived of its natural nourishment and cast out, never to know a mother's love.

Said a young woman, who had fallen a second time, "If I had kept my first baby with me and nursed it, this would never have happened me again."

The consequence of keeping the child with its mother is, that after a few months, she becomes so attached to it that nothing could reconcile her to a separation. Though

Motherhood is a Disgrace

to the inmates of the Home, it can be said to the credit of many of them that they are good mothers.

I have seen as genuine maternal affection in some of these cases as ever I have seen in married mothers, and some of them have been like a mother to children not their own who were under their care.

Not long ago one of them cried because she thought a little four-months-old baby in her charge was going to die. The same girl cared for another sick baby day and night, getting scarcely any sleep until it died.

Another who deeply mourned the loss of her own baby, nursed with the utmost tenderness an infant, whose own mother had proved unfaithful. Another girl of seventeen, who had a good home, declared that she would not go home to her mother and give up her baby. She would rather go out to service and

Earn Money to Support her Child.

Such have been some of our maternity cases.

An Institution which thus preserves the natural relation between mother and child is surely serving a worthy purpose.

Besides the girls actually living in the Home, a good influence has been maintained over others by boarding their children in the Home.

Although the greater number of cases received are illegitimacy, women and girls are received for various other reasons. About a year ago, a married woman, addicted to drink, who was cook in a licensed hotel, in a sudden resolve to give up the habit, sought admission to the Home. After a few weeks she went to a situation, and has since lived a sober life. Another married woman, whose husband had been cruel to her, took refuge with her infant in the Home. She was very much touched by the kindness shown her, gave herself to Christ, and is now wearing the Army uniform. Other women have sought temporary shelter there, who had not where to lay their head. Of course, not all the cases are satisfactory. Many come to the Home for worldly advantage and leave it with the same purpose apparently. And yet, who can tell but that some seed has been sown in their heart which may yet bring forth fruit? I know several who have shown by their lives a change which is the fruit of the Spirit.

—A. ISABEL HAMILTON, M. D., Physician to the Halifax Rescue Home.

"WAR CRY" PLATFORM

CAPTAIN FRED BLOSS

ON

Spiritual Decline, and How to Get Victory Out of Seeming Defeat.

"Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts but rather that ye may prophesy."—1 Cor. xiv. 1.

"And Moses said unto him Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them."—Num. xi. 29.

WHY was it that St. Paul and Moses longed to see the people of God live in the spirit of prophecy? Because there would be less discouragements, for the simple reason that a man cannot possess any spirit of that kind unless he is a man of prayer. Look at our dear General! What has kept him going and made him so successful? It is to a certain extent the spirit of prophecy; that is, in spite of people telling him to look at the world, how wicked it is getting, worse and worse, he keeps on, believing that God is going to bring the world to Himself. Oh, what a lot that one man has done for the world by his faith!

* * * *

How many people have prophesied once; they believed that the whole world was going to be saved in a very short time; but, because they did not see THEIR IDEA of it fulfilled, they came to the conclusion that the impression they had was false. St. Paul says, "Prophecies shall fail." Probably those were the kind of prophecies he referred to, for it is evident he did not wish to contradict his desire to have God's people prophecy. I almost come to the conclusion myself that it was useless to expect that that prophecy which Christ gave: "In the last days I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, etc.," was ever going to be fulfilled; but thank God my views have changed in that respect. I have felt so much of late that there is a great possibility of it being fulfilled, and us as Christians, not knowing it, simply because we have let our hearts grow hard; and where it was once easy to believe, and we always looked upon the bright side, now it is almost impossible. Why is it? The reason is because we have neglected SECRET PRAYER. You say, "Where is the sign of His coming? Look at such and such a Corps; one time it was no trouble to get crowds, finances and souls. Now look! it has been dead for years and does not seem to move." But hold on! you only look at the outward appearances. Stop for a moment and think of the crucifixion; remember how Christ moved everything at first; nothing stopped His progress; the dumb were made to speak, the deaf ears were unstopped, the lame man leaped for joy, and the eyes of the blind were opened. Surely the millenium was coming at last! But no! Christ had hardly got fairly started at His marvellous work, when He was betrayed into the hands of sinners. I fancy I see His disciples almost dumb with astonishment: "Surely we have been deceived in this Man Christ!" He who had power to say to the dead, "Arise!" now powerless! He who worked so many miracles, now going to let a human being crucify Him! All the good He had done seems to have died now! It looks all a "farce;" all hopes flee from His once fearless followers. Ah! but God had a work for His dear Son to do now which would need more power and more grace than was necessary to do the many marvelous miracles which He had wrought. Methinks it was not the thorns, the nails, the spear that pained our dear Saviour as much as the thought of having His disciples, whom He had learned to love, leave Him in this trying hour. Oh, how much easier they could have made the Cross for Him had their faith not wavered, and had they been able to have given Him a few words of cheer. But to come back to our subject: Was this "seeming defeat" a failure? No! Praise be to God, it was not! and we can apply the same thing to our work today. Our Corps that at the present seem to be suffering defeat are yet going to "blossom as the rose," the deaf shall hear, the dumb shall be made to speak, the lame man shall leap with joy, and the kingdom of the wicked one shall be wrested from his hands. Hallelujah! Before we go any further, we must acknowledge that the cause of all this stagnation has been on our side; it has been the backslidings and failings of the people of God. Yet we must not look at that side too much or we will be apt to think things will always remain so. No, no, God forbid! Christians are awakening to their duty, but we must awaken them more; we must go more upon our knees; our life must be continual prayer. "Pray without ceasing." St. Paul says, and things will move, though they seem to be long in doing so. WE MUST REMEMBER THAT WE ARE NOT RUNNING THE EARTH. God is more interested in us than we imagine. He is slowly but surely subduing the world to Himself. The signs of the times tell us that something wonderful is going to happen. Oh, let us pray that God may reveal Himself, and that thousands of souls may be saved and the coming of His Kingdom hastened!

BY CHANCELLOR WATSON.

I WAS ONLY A BOY when I visited Matlock, in Derbyshire, and saw the far-famed petrifying well. I had heard of this well mysteriously turning things to stone, and I had a great curiosity to see it. On the outside of the well hung different things which had been petrified, such as deer heads, cups and saucers, and so on.

Paying the penny admission fee, I entered, and, descending a lot of stone steps, found myself in a kind of arched cavern, cut in hewn out of solid rock, filled with all kinds of things in process of fossilization. Water was pouring in from the rock, and every conceivable nook in

Sparkling Crystal Jets,

I stood amazed. It seemed supernatural. Some things were completely fossilized, others only partly so. I feasted my eyes as long as I wished and then came out full of wonderment to discover that creatures and things could turn to stone. I have since seen a greater and stranger sight, which has filled me with more wonder and sorrow, too, than that. I mean the

Turning of Hearts to Stone,

hearts becoming petrified that were once full of Divine love, faith, sympathy, gratitude and kindness; but which, alas! have turned unloving, unfeeling, unsympathetic, unkind, ungrateful, unbelieving hearts partly or wholly turned to stone.

This is a spectacle which makes angels weep, devils laugh, sinners scoff and Christians wonder. It is the greatest hindrance to the conversion of sinners, and, unlike the petrifying well, which was a rare sight, this may be seen every day—in the Army, in the Church, at home, abroad, in every land and clime. Many, we see, whose hearts were once filled with love to Christ, to their Comrades, and to the lowest sunken in sin; there was

No Sacrifice too Great

to make for Him who went to Calvary for them—for Him who bore the Cross, the thorns, the sneers, the jeers, the insults of the hypocrital Pharisees, the hard-hearted mockings of the Roman Soldiers, and poured out His soul unto death, even the tragic death of Calvary; inspired with His love they could and did bear a measure of the same sufferings Heaven; they despised the world, its fashions and follies, wearing the plain suit of blue as a protest against and sign of separation from its alluring snares. They felt for souls, they prayed for them, they wept over them, in secret and publicly; they groaned over their poor, lost, blinded, ruined state, they saw them hurrying to hell, with the lurid flames in the distance; they beheld the laughing, grinning demons dogging their path and laying snares for their destruction, luring them on in sin, vice and crime! Oh, yes, they saw it, felt it, and wept over it. Seeing all this, they sought to warn and win and save them, by any or all means—in the open-air meetings, and whether they were on the marches, they attended the knee-drill, they visited the sick and dying, stayed to the prayer-meetings, fought, rejoiced and joyed when souls were saved; oh, it was Heaven, Heaven, Heaven! This was their Heaven! but, alas! alas!

Alas! All is Changed Now.

True, they still love Jesus—so they say—but of course they see things differently now. They were too enthusiastic before; had "zeal without knowledge," and, besides, they don't see the necessity of making such sacrifices, nor of being so conspicuous in their dress, nor of attending so many meetings; business, home and family must really be attended to; they must lay up something for sickness and death, you know. They don't hold the same views in reference to Hell now as before; after all, God is good and kind; and there may be a chance after death—who knows? but no to eternal punishment and the inspiration of the Bible—why, that is a very doubtful question, and the doctrine of sin and demons—well, that is only the remains of the dark system of demonology; they don't believe in frightening people, nor in long prayer meetings and revival meetings; of course it is right to pray and to do right as far as you can in a quiet, easy way, and march, sing, and give occasionally, but still they think we ought to take a rational and liberal view of things generally. Is this your state, my Comrade? If so, your heart is fast becoming petrified, stony, hard. The reason you don't see and feel as you used to do is not so much the change in your views (although a change of views may and does affect one's feelings) as in the change of heart; you have become petrified—hard; you are in a dangerous state. I have already remarked that I noticed there were various stages of fossilization. I noticed some things in the well were completely turned to stone, others half, and some only partly. In a bird's nest I saw some of the twigs were still pliable, while others were quite fossilized; and so it seems to be in this hardening of heart, there are different stages, although it is difficult to define them; but there is a natural law in the spiritual life of the soul and a striking similarity to nature; for instance, the process is often slow; it takes months and months of dropping water, night and day, before

They are Fossilized,

and others do not take so long; the process is usually slow, and often this hardness of heart is slow and perhaps almost imperceptible; it only happens suddenly when there is actual sin.

Again, it was imperceptible and invisible in its operations. You could see WHAT had been done, but not HOW it was being done. The insignificant dropping of the water naturally warded off suspicion, but it contained the secret, invisible, subtle petrifying power. It rang no bells, it made no commotion, but simply enveloped everything, and oh, how like those secret, subtle, invisible forces of evil, those principalities and powers and wicked spirits beneath heaven with whom we wrestle, who continually surround and play on our minds, affecting the spirits, damping the zeal, hindering prayer, frustrating holy efforts, injecting doubt, distrust and suggestions of sin, inflaming the passions, firing the imaginations, hardening the heart, and, alas! often succeeding to an alarming time, for it is the devil's policy not to arouse suspicion of hardening of heart and loss of love.

I also noted it was SURE. Everything which came beneath the influence really turned to stone; and so are the hardening influences of the devil, the world, and the flesh, on a soul. From Pharoah—whom they mastered—to the children of Israel in the wilderness, through Judas and Demas, right down to the present day, its work has ever been the same.

BUT IS THERE NO REMEDY FOR THIS SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS? no victory over those mighty foes, no power to prevent this hardening of heart—this turning to stone, this loss of love, and fire and zeal? Yes, thank God, yes, there is one force which will effectually resist all the chilling, hardening influences of evil and that is LIFE! LIFE! SPIRITUAL LIFE! DIVINE LIFE! THE HOLY GHOST IN THE SOUL.

Right in the centre of the well was a large stone basin of water, and darting about in it were various kinds of living fishes, day and night living and enjoying themselves in the very water which was turning everything around them to stone.

Why did it not fossilize them?

Because they were alive. Glory to God!

Oh, my Comrade, do you not see the point? Your love for Christ, your souls, your zeal in His cause, your weeping and prayer and efforts to save them was all the outcome of spiritual LIFE in you. The cause of your hard, unfeeling, unsympathetic state is the LOSS OF THAT LIFE either in part or wholly. Your love of the world, pride, money, ease, self-indulgence, amusement, indolence, worldly ambition, jealousy and anger are all a sign of total loss of spiritual life. May God help you to see where you are, and with true sorrow of heart come back to Him who says, "I will take the stony heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh," and "I will put My Spirit within you" as of old, and you will then be able to weep over the erring ones, lift up the fallen and tell them of Jesus the mighty to save. Pray for it. Believe for it. Wait for it, and God will give to you a tender, compassionate, loving, believing heart. You may have many gifts and abilities left; you may be able to talk like an angel and explain all mysteries and may give your body to be burned, but if you have not love you are nothing.

"Love, I ask for, love I need,
Dying love like Thine;
Love that feels for all the world,
Saviour, give me love like Thine!"

"When God sends the Amalekite upon you, it is that the enemy may teach what the friend has failed to convey."

A DROP FROM THE BOTTLE.
INTO THE GUTTER.
INTO THE GRAVE.
INTO HELL.
DON'T LET DRINK GET THE DROP ON YOU!

A robber presents pistols and says, "Money or your life."

Drink gives no such alternative; its demand is, "YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE."

Has drink got the best of you? Jesus can save. He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.—Heb. 7: 25.

SIEGE FLIES AHEAD!

Chancellor Hargraves Tells how East Ontario is Booming—Notes on a Tea-Table Chat with the Editor.

STAFF-CAPT. HARGRAVE, Chancellor of East Ontario, has been spending several days in Toronto, and over the Editor's tea table supplied some information respecting the progress of the work in East Ontario of such an inspiring nature, that we gladly pass it on for the benefit of all. "The Siege caught on fine," said the Staff-Captain animatedly, and stroking the brown tuft of hair which protects the lower part of his face. "Kingston Corps commenced the Siege with a day's meetings lasting from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m., with only short cessations for meals. Six souls were saved, the following Sunday five, and last Saturday four. Most of these persons come to the meetings, and promise to become good Soldiers. Peterboro had a break, too, but Sunbury is the masterpiece. There are only twelve or fifteen houses; it is quite a small village, all the rest being a farming country. They had five souls the second Sunday. Sims, the Light Brigade Agent, was there two nights, when they had another break, and four more saved. Treasurer McDonald told me of another soul being saved since. They are running cottage meetings at different farm houses; they have had fifteen Juniors of from twelve to fifteen years saved; all bright, intelligent children, and doing well. Major Shorp has been campaigning at Montreal I., II., and III., and "Joe Beef's." He has had Officers' Councils, Local Officers' meetings, and a general stir-up there. I visited Gananoque recently and the Corps was not like the same. They have had several souls there since the Siege started. Captain Ward is in charge. At Belleville, where I spent a week-end just lately, there were two out on Sunday night for Salvation; in fact, it is safe to say that the Corps generally are all hot over this Siege business, and have taken it up well everywhere, and are winning. It is a time of

"What about the Junior Soldiers?"

"Going A 1, with nine Bands of Love in operation, with a total membership of about 300. The Corps referred to are Kingston, Peterboro, Campbellford, Gananoque, Port Hope, Cobourg, Picton, Napanee, Belleville."

"How is Joe Beef's?"

"Splendid! Ensign Ross is running the place well. Financially he is keeping clear, NOT RUNNING BEHIND; paying his way, and anticipates during the summer clearing off all old liabilities. He has had some remarkable conversions there lately. His present cashier, for instance, was a victim of the drink when he first came to Joe Beef's, just before last Christmas; he is as smart as a fiddle as I have seen for some time, and is getting along well. Several of the converts have been enrolled as Soldiers at Montreal."

"How many meetings does he have weekly?"

"Two Sunday meetings and one week-night. There's no compulsion about coming, but the men like to be there."

"How's Quebec?"

"Burrows is doing well. He has both Corps and Shelter. There have been some conversions; finances are improving. War Crys are sold out."

"How many?"

"123 Crys, fifteen Young Soldiers."

"You do some work across the border, don't you?"

"Yes! and it's successful, too. Barre, Vermont, has been opened by Ensign Peers, and is doing well. Peers's Corps are being gained who are going to make good Soldiers. Peers reports crowded congregations; an average of $10.00 income on Sundays, and a circulation of 120 War Crys and 20 Young Soldiers. Ensign Ogilvie, too, of St. Alban's, in that neighborhood, is rising in War Cry circulation. She went up thirty within the last few weeks, and sells out every week."

"Do the Americans recognize we are brothers?"

"American sentiment is strongly in our favor. In fact, they prefer being connected with us. They recognize that the Army, like Christ's blessed Salvation, is above any national boundary line, and for the uplifting of men everywhere. We have no instances of national jealousy in connection with the work."

"The Major hustles round quite a bit, I imagine?"

"Yes! he lives on the field. I guess he is on the go ten out of the twelve months. I pop in a week-end here and there, and sometimes run a ten days' trip, when the Major is at home for a while. The Province is distinctly on the move."

"Losses are turned into gain, when they lift our lives in an upward direction."

"Disease is the beginning of health when it leads the sufferer to the Father's house."

SIGNS of the SIEGE.

And the General War in West Ontario.

In a letter just to hand to the Editor, Brigadier Margetts says:

"I am pleased and grateful to Almighty God to be able to inform you that it has pleased Him to give us considerable success during the month of February in several directions. I am afraid that the time at my disposal to write, as also the space you could afford in your valuable and ever-precious paper, the War Cry, to give, would be far too small to allow a full description of battles fought and victories won. I will, therefore, content myself with the brief record of a few of the main facts as revealed by the monthly statistics, and a few incidents gleaned upon the battle-field.

1. THE JUNIOR WAR IS STEADILY AND PERMANENTLY ADVANCING. Some very beautiful work is being accomplished through this medium. Children are getting saved and in their early days are learning to win souls to Jesus. When visiting a certain Corps a few Sundays ago, I was strangely struck with the earnest zeal, the jubilant spirit, and the desperate efforts put forth to win souls by a young lad of about fourteen years of age, who set an example worthy of all imitation in trying to get his young companions to the feet of Jesus.

"We are having grand times in our Junior meetings, Brigadier," he joyfully exclaimed. We had had a good day's fight, and two young girls were kneeling at the penitent-form seeking Salvation. J. was too busy trying to get some other soul to come to at first notice what had happened, but when he did see it his heart filled with joy; he shouted "Hallelujah!" and bounding to the front, he knelt by the side of the elder one, threw his arms around her waist, and affectionately pointed her to the Christ he had already found. A few minutes later; nd the same ceremony was passed through with the other girl, to whose side he hastened. The girls were his two only sisters. The father and mother (both soldiers) were in the meeting. They came to the front, and with hearts to the brim full of joy took their children by the hand, gave them a welcome into the Kingdom, and joined in the chorus, "There's cleansing in the blood, I believe."

Little J.'s heart got so full he did not know what to do. He cried, he laughed, he sung, he shouted "Hallelujah!"—and so did the most of us present—but to crown it all, little J. turned a somersault, still shouting "Hallelujah!"

Later on I found that J. had previously been a bad lad, but had got saved two or three months previously, and had been largely instrumental in winning both mother and father to the Saviour. It was a pretty sight to see J. and his two sisters kneeling at the form, the two girls seeking Jesus, and the boy showing them the way.

During the month of February the following increases were made in the Junior War: 29 saved Juniors were added to the rolls; 11 more meetings were held; the number of Companies was increased by 74, and the attendance by 140. The services of seventeen additional Junior Soldier helpers, too, have been secured.

2. THE BAND OF LOVE is rolling on. Its total weekly attendance has increased 324, and its number of members has gone up to 199.

Some good work is being done by this branch of the Junior War. At one Corps the Officer told me the following story, her heart being full as she spoke: "I was never treated so kindly in my life," she said: "two of them come, without invitation on our part, to our quarters every week. They go to our pantry, take a list of its contents, form an estimate of what we shall need during the coming week, and then the provisions simply roll in. It seemed so strange at first, but we have no trouble to provide our meals now—except to cook and eat them. They have also newly furnished our quarters in part, as an outcome of the Band of Love."

The Provincial Officer thought that was a beautiful story, and is not at all surprised to know that God is wonderfully blessing and prospering that Corps, seeing that it is the "liberal soul" that "shall be made fat." God speed the Band of Love!

It would be well for the individual spiritual prosperity of the Soldiers of some other Corps to imitate the kindly consideration for Officers described above. Good would prosper those Soldiers all the more if they would.

3. THE SOUL-SAVING WORK IS BEING PRESSED FORWARD. 239 souls have been registered in the Province during February. The attendance at the Sunday meetings has been increased 1957, and the week-night, 153. The Provincial Officer has had the joy of seeing a goodly number of seekers for Salvation and cleansing in the meetings he has led. But we must have more.

THREE COLLINGWOOD WARRIORS.

Mrs. Clark sold 120 tickets for our oyster supper, lately given in our barracks. Mrs. Captain Wynn is booming the War Cry, selling from seventy to eighty on the street each week. Mother Potts is the G. B. M. Agent, and is pushing the scheme. She has just got a dozen new boxes out, and is believing to get more out. Captain Wynn.

4. OUR SOLDIERS' ROLL IS INCREASING. Although many removals have been made through death and so on, as, for instance, Ingersoll, where seven names have just been taken from the roll through death, and Petrolea, where four successive Sunday nights, memorial services have been held for Comrades now safely landed on the ever-green shore. Nevertheless, our roll is increased sixty-five during the month. The number of recruits has gone up, too, during the month.

5. THE SIEGE IS BOOMING. "The grandest effort yet" is the unanimous opinion, and West Ontario troops are pushing it forward with characteristic energy and spirit. The following items show how the current is running:

PETROLEA. The Soldiers all signed slips pledging themselves to do their individual share, in the first meeting held in the interests of the Siege, and some of them, not wont to, went fishing in the very next meeting. They are all in for victory according to the version of Adjutant Myles.

The Provincial Officer has led red-hot Siege attacks, at Ingersoll, Tilsonburg, Forest, Sarnia, Wyoming and other places, assisted by the Chancellor, the Seraphaites, and so on, which has resulted in twenty-five seekers, and a goodly number surrendering fully for the fray.

PARIS. Captain McLeod, writing to the Provincial Officer, says: "We have just finished our first day's fight, and we are rejoicing over three prisoners—two new cases, and one backslider. The battle raged almost incessantly from 7 a. m. until 11 p. m. Up till 8 p. m. the enemy refused to leave their fortifications excepting in small numbers, and no regular engagement took place until the above-mentioned time, when they appeared in larger numbers, and better equipped. Then for about one hour and a-half we poured red-hot bullets into their ranks. By this time the foes seemed disorganized, and under cover of the artillery, the cavalry charged right into the enemy's ranks. For another hour and a-half the fight was hand to hand. When at last the enemy retired, we counted the spoil and found that we had three prisoners, and also a number of the enemy's guns in the shape of tobacco, pipe, feathers, etc.

The enemy succeeded in carrying a number of wounded with them, but we are in hot pursuit, and expect to soon be in possession of a number of the enemy's forts."

WINDSOR. From Captain McCutcheon comes the news: "Have four already to be enrolled. This week-end have been times of power—two out Saturday night, three yesterday afternoon, and one at night. The Soldiers are taking hold well."

CLINTON. Captain Cockerill says: "Had a grand day Sunday; a full house and two souls. They are doing well. The Siege is taking fine. The Comrades are getting desperate for souls."

PALMERSTON. Adjt. Taylor writes: "Glad to say Soldiers taking this up well. We are making a determined effort to win."

BERLIN. Captain Scott, too, says a good thing: "I must say we are getting on beautiful; this is Sunday night at 11 o'clock; I can't wait until morning. We have had such a glorious finish to-night with four converts. ——— got so free he shouted and danced, and of course we had a proper wind-up."

PARIS. They have just had their birthday celebrations, led on by the Chancellor, the District Officer, Galt and Brantford Bands. Result—packed Barracks; four souls, good finances.

And so the war rolls on. God speed it!

JOHN EDWARD MARGETTS.

NORTH-WEST BATTLES.

Major Bennett's Blessed Budget—Severe Blizzards—Frozen to Death—Two New Corps in North Dakota—$300 for the Famine Fund—Ten Cadets in Winnipeg Garrison.

The North-Western Provincial Officer, in his latest letter says:

"I am delighted to tell you that things are on the up-grade in the great North-West, although we have had perhaps the toughest winter in the memory of man. A large number of people have been frozen to death on the prairie, but quite a number have met their death in this way in the streets of our cities. Week before last a man was frozen to death in Winnipeg streets. The hospitals have had a large number of men and women under their care, who have been badly frozen. The snow is a great depth, and blizzards are almost perpetual, especially in North Dakota. I should think that the railroads in North Dakota have spent not one cent less than $250,000 in clearing the roads for their trains, and even then some of them have not been able to move for nearly a week. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, we were neither frozen to death, snowed under, or lost in a blizzard, but we are in the middle of the SIEGE, and going ahead full steam to bring sinners to the Blood. We are looking forward to a grand enrolment, when our rank and file will be largely increased, and we shall march on stronger and faster than ever for the Salvation of the world.

Two weeks ago I visited WINNIPEG Corps, and never did I see the Soldiers and Officers turn out better in numbers, and go in with such desperateness for the Salvation of sinners. We finished the day, after seeing ten at the Fountain. The Sunday before, this Corps collected $100.00 in two collections for the Indian Famine Fund. This Corps is in good fighting trim, and they are putting forth every effort for the salvation of all kinds of sinners. Ensign Walton and Captain Bailey are in charge of Corps and Garrison.

I have just spent a Week-End at MORDEN, where I found the Senior and Junior work in good condition, and the Officers—Captain Mercer and Lieutenant Flaws—are in for victory.

Captain Alward and Captain Tooke latelr spent a week-end at SELKIRK and had a good time there. The other Corps in the Winnipeg District—PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE and EMERSON—are doing all they can to make the SIEGE a booming success.

PORT ARTHUR DISTRICT,

under the command of Ensign Green, is making fine progress, and they are able to report increase in soul-saving, and an onward march all round. Ensign and Captain Green have had quite a number of souls saved lately at Port Arthur, while Captain Davidson and Lieutenant Pierce, of FORT WILLIAM, are having good spiritual times. Captain Dwyer and Lieutenant Jackson are continually having sinners seeking Salvation. They have just INCREASED THEIR CRYS FOR THE THIRD TIME since Captain Dwyer took charge, and now take eighty more than when the Captain went there. Lieutenant Graham, late of Toronto Garrison, has just arrived. KEEWATIN Corps is on the increase, and God is with our Comrades there. Rat Portage and Keewatin sent $50.00 to the Indian Famine Fund.

BRANDON DISTRICT,

under the command of Ensign Thomas, is not behind, and every effort is being put forth to extend the Kingdom, and to increase the Soldiership. Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Beaumont are successfully leading the troops on to victory at VIRDEN, and sinners are coming to the Cross. RAPID CITY and MINNEDOSA Officers—Captain Malyon and Lieutenant Glover—had several sinners seek Salvation lately. The Captain has lost his mother, and has just returned from the funeral. I pray God will support him at this sorrowful time. NEEPAWA and CARBERRY are working hard to convince sinners of their sins and to bring them to the great Sin-Forgiver, and the Officers of both Corps are pushing the SIEGE desperately.

REGINA CORPS

and the other Corps in the District are pulling hard against the stream of sin and iniquity. Lieutenant Smith has been appointed to assist Captains Dodds and Jarvis at the Regina Corps. Captain Jarvis has been very sick for several weeks. I trust she will soon be well again and at the war's front. PRINCE ALBERT: Captain Hayes is Captain no more. She has been promoted to the rank of Ensign, and with the able assistance of Lieutenant Hall, is representing Jesus as a mighty Saviour in the

MOST NORTHERN CORPS ON THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.

Captain Gibbs and Lieutenant Collins are bombarding the sinners at the railway centre, Moose Jaw, and the people are feeling their sins. Captain Burns and Lieutenant Hammond have things well in hand at Moosomin, and in addition to the SIEGE are getting things into good shape by getting several Local Officers appointed.

AT CALGARY, THE GREAT RANGE CITY,

Captain Broadbelt—beg their pardon, "ENSIGN,"—and Captain McKay are leading on the battle. The Ensign is not very strong, and has just been to EDMONTON for a rest and change; yet while she was there she led the meetings, and gave Captain Kemp and Lieutenant Hammond quite a lift. Both of these for Western Corps and their Officers are leaving no stone unturned to make the most of the great SIEGE.

JAMESTOWN,

Adjutant Goodwin has things well in hand in her Corps and District. She is assisted by Captain Baxter and Lieutenant Holdick, a graduate of the Winnipeg Garrison, who just arrived to push on the War. Souls are coming to God, and all hands are giving God the glory. At Bismarck, Captain and Mrs. Bailey are doing what they can to rout the devil, and are seeing fruit for their labors. At MANDAN, Captain and Mrs. O'Neil are pushing Salvation matters well to the front, and this Corps, although not very old, can boast of several Local Officers, and so can all the Corps in the District.

ADJUTANT GALE, OF THE FARGO DISTRICT,

reports soul-saving times at Fargo Corps and an enrolment, which was a great success. The Soldiers are in good working order, and are working well and praying for sinners. At Valley City, Captain and Mrs. Westacott, and Lieutenant Sivets are fighting hard, and God is giving them evidences of His power. At CASSELTON, Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Tracey have had a tough time but they are fighting it out. The District Officer has just spent a week-end with them, which helped to clear off some of their liabilities. The Officers are fighters and will do whatever they can to make the Cross the attraction. Captain Hewitt and his two Lieutenants at WHAPETON are pushing the claims of Christ on the sinner. Lieutenant Price has just had a short furlough, but has returned. Captain Stokes and Lieutenant Tongue are in charge of the war at LISBON, and the Lord has given them about 100 souls in a little over two months. This is glorious, and these Officers will, no doubt, be getting up a grand enrolment. I trust before very long we shall have some Candidates for the work from this Corps.

GRAND FORKS DISTRICT.

Yes, Adjutant MacNamara is in command of this Corps and District, and is

ably assisted by Captains Gooding and Furgeson. The fight is a little hard, but they are fighters, and they have some fine Soldiers who come out well; Jesus Christ is well lifted up, and some sinners are coming to Him. Ensign and Mrs. Elliott are having victorious times at HILLSBORO. They have just lately got notice to leave their hall, but they have another hall ready to go into. Cadet Burlog has just farewelled from this Corps, for Winnipeg Garrison. She is the first from this Corps, but we are believing for more of the Hillsboro Soldiers to become Candidates and Officers. GRAFTON: Captains Isaacson and Cain are spreading Salvation light at this point, and God is richly blessing them in their work.

DEVIL'S LAKE DISTRICT.

This is a new District, and Ensign Rob Smith is taking charge of the same. It is small at present, but is capable of development, and we doubt near of some new openings ere long. Ensign Smith, Captain Petch and Lieutenant Banford are at the Devil's Lake Corps, and here things are prospering in their hands. Captain Foy and Lieutenant Greenfield are in charge of operations in MINOT, and souls are coming to God. The last word I had was that four souls had just been saved, and that the platform was too small. This is good news.

Captain Hurst has been appointed

TO OPEN LARIMORE,

and Lieutenant Myers—another graduate of the Winnipeg Garrison,—is appointed a Lieutenant. Look out for a great smash in this place.

Captain Charlton and Lieutenant Barrager (the Lieutenant is the first graduate from the Winnipeg Training Garrison under the new training system.) have been

APPOINTED TO OPEN ELLENDALE.

Watch further developments.

We are all one with the Commissioner in the great soul-saving and soldier-making SIEGE, and we shall have some great results. Which Corps and Officers will have the largest number for enrolment when the time comes? Which District, and District Officer will come out next in numbers of souls saved, and soldiers enrolled at the end of the SIEGE?

We have now ten Cadets in the Winnipeg Garrison, and the war is advancing with leaps and bounds.

The Province sent $900.00 for the Indian Famine Fund.

H. BENNETT.

— FROM —

The Far West.

LIVINGSTON.—Crowds still attend the meetings; one young man got saved Sunday afternoon, and came up to the light at night. The Holy Ghost is dealing with a lot more.
100 War Crys. Stanbury, Captain.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—God was with us in mighty power. Our Sunday night meeting was beautiful; waves of conviction swept over our audience; many hearts were touched by the Holy Spirit. A well-fought prayer-meeting and some determined fishing brought six souls to the foot of the Cross. Hallelujah!
35 War Crys. Hubert.

A HAT-FULL OF MEDALS.

HELENA.—You didn't hear from us for a long time, did you? Well, we're sorry; we'll do better in the future. Nothing unusual has happened lately, but you can look out for something going to "drap" soon. The Adjutant is going to have another S-W-E-A-R soon; this time it's Local Officers. We are going to try and get a hat-full of medals from the SIEGE.
225 War Crys. Rogers, Reg. Cor.

FROM FAMOUS ROSSLAND, B.C.

The Brass Band and a great crowd were at the depot to meet us. While we were locked in the car awaiting customs inspection, I heard a gentleman say, "There must be some great Salvation Army dignitary or Lieutenant-General on the train." At night the building was packed out and many couldn't get in. Three forward in the holiness meeting on Sunday.
150 War Crys. Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre.

MISSOULA.—On Sunday night we held a Memorial Meeting for Sister Hunter. The Comrades testified to their readiness to meet our departed sister when the Master sees fit to call them. Captain Corlett read the lesson. The result was many wounded and one soul captured. Another sought a clean heart in the Sunday morning holiness meeting. Good crowds, good collections.
170 War Crys. J. H. Frost, Sec.

West Ontario.

THEDFORD.—Had a visit from the Seraphatic Band, also Brigadier Margetts.
31 War Crys. T. Ford, Reg. Cor.

TILBURY.—Two souls Sunday night. The Soldiers are on fire and full of faith for the SIEGE. Ten Soldiers marched at Glenwood, an outpost. 68 War Crys.
Capt. Peddle, Lieut. Blakeney.

WALKERTON.—Captain C. Howeroft and Lieutenant I. M. Sitzer farewelled on Sunday, March 7th, and we welcomed Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Bonney on Saturday. We had Ensign Andrews with the Magic Lantern on Wednesday. We have started a Band of Love, which promises to be a success.
150 War Crys. A Junior.

FIRE AND SMOKE.

INGERSOLL.—Brigadier Margetts and Staff-Captain Turner for week-end; glorious time, good results. Last Sunday eighteen for knee-drill; two wanderers returned at night. One was going to join something else, but knew the Army was his place. Moral: "Born in the fire can't live in the smoke."
146 War Crys. M. Kennedy, Reg. Cor.

TWO LITTLE STORIES

Captured by a Headquarters Stenographer.

A LITTLE GIRL came into my store accompanied by an elderly lady, and during the course of conversation she called her grandma, leaning over the counter. I asked her if she loved her grandma, the lady replying for her, saying, "She ought to, for her parents are dead, and I am her only friend." Looking up quickly in the lady's face, the child said, "Oh, no! Mother is not dead, she has gone to Heaven, and if I am good she will be sending for me to come to her." "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

* * *

IN THE YEAR '82, when I landed in America, I thought I would have a little fun, so started and got drunk. While in this condition I assaulted a Salvationist; the police got hold of me, and the next day I got sixty days. I shan't forget the first hour in my cell. I paced the floor while thoughts with lightning rapidity flashed through my mind. If I could only get out of this hole, never again would drink get me to make a fool of myself. I laid down, and before long a jailer came along and had me out of that, and I found I had to work. For good conduct, they let me out, after I had done forty days, and as soon as I regained my freedom, all my good resolutions vanished, and I was as bad as ever. I had no strength to keep straight. I heard that Jesus could save and keep, and I thought if that is so, here goes; and from that time on I have proved that His grace is sufficient to keep.

TWO KINDS OF WIND.

The blowing capacity of the members of the Staff Band, with the favorable direction of the wind, on a recent Thursday evening, made it possible for people at the Temple to hear the strains of their music while they were in the open-air at Old Richmond Street, over a mile away.

WINNIPEG TRAINING GARRISON.

Cadet Brandsor. Cadet McLean. Capt. Gardiner. Cadet Stobbs. Ensign Walton. Cadet Meyer. Cadet Habkirk. Capt. Bailey. Cadet Lloyd. Cadet Davidson. Cadet Barrager.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS and APPOINTMENTS—

CAPTAIN WRIGHT, of Halifax II., to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN YEREX, of Lindsay Corps, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE, resting, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN H. SCOTT, of Berlin, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN BOGGS, of Liverpool, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN BAILEY, of Bismarck, N. D., to be Ensign.

ADJUTANT AYRE to Rossland, B. C.

ENSIGN WOOLLAM, to Colfax, Wash.

ENSIGN WALE, to Dillon.

ENSIGN MILNER to Spokane Rescue Home.

LIEUTENANT KEENEY, of Great Falls, to be Captain at Miles City.

CADET THOEN, Spokane T. G., to be Lieutenant at Colfax, Wash.

CADET BELL, St. John, N. B., Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

CADET SMITH, of Lippincott T. G., to be Lieutenant at Lindsay.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH.
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

"How is the Commissioner?" has been the first query on the lips of almost every one coming to Territorial Headquarters for some time past. To that question we rejoice to be able to give a more satisfactory and hopeful reply at this writing than at any previous time since our leader fell "wounded in battle." The decided improvement referred to last week has not only been maintained, but accelerated. Miss Booth is now able to rise from her bed and attend to a few business matters. She is, too, looking more like her self and bids us say that if the improvement continues, the War Cry will be favored with a message direct from herself next week.

—:o:—

THE SOLDIER-MAKING SIEGE.

The four weeks' soul-saving section of the Siege was completed, judging by all the news that reached the Editorial Office, thoroughly in harmony with the cartoon on the front page of Cry dated March 27th. In this connection note especially the interview with Staff-Captain Hargrave, which described the splendid hustle now on in East Ontario.

Now for the enlisting of people into the ranks. The goal for each soldier as fixed by the Field Commissioner is the winning of one soul and the making of one Soldier during the Siege, and for each Officer the winning of two souls, and the making of two Soldiers. Small as is this goal, if every individual concerned will rally to the call, the greatest victory for years will have been achieved. The splendid way in which the troops have rallied to the soul-saving portion of this great undertaking warrants us in believing that the second part of it will be none the less triumphant.

—:o:—

WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK IN THE WEST.

THIS issue contains the last chapter of the report on Mrs. Read's Western tour. A brief synopsis of the tour gives the following particulars: Miles travelled on the cars, 6,216; public meetings held, 60; interviews with members of the press, ministers, W. C. T. U. officials and others on behalf of the Women's Social Department, about 60; persons present at meetings, about 14,000; number of persons professing repentance and holiness at the penitent-forms, 37; Social Institutions visited, three, viz., Winnipeg, Helena and Spokane. Mrs. Read says that the prospects for the Women's Social work out West were never brighter. There are exceptional difficulties, but our opportunities are great, and as our work gets better understood by the class we seek to bless, our success will be assured. The feeling of the general public towards the Army and its operations in the various places visited, is one of profound respect, the deepest interest being manifested on all sides, and great confidence expressed in our methods. Mrs. Read has returned in splendid health, only somewhat wearied, as might be anticipated. She speaks highly of the kind and affectionate attitude of the Officers and Soldiers towards her and the work she represented.

So live that you cannot be accounted for, except on the basis that you are living, moving and have your being in God.

LATEST NEWS.

THE GENERAL IN HALIFAX, ENG.

A Wonderful Sunday in a Theatre—Ninety-Eight at the Cross.

Three immense crowds thronged the grandest and largest theatre in Halifax yesterday. Both afternoon and night the big pit and three galleries were gorged, hundreds being unable to get in; in fact, the authorities said they had never seen the place so full before. The General's talks were divine. Sins of every sort and size were exposed; no mercy was shown to anything that was contrary to the holy will of God, and from morning until night hot truth—plain Gospel heaven-and-hell utterances—echoed and re-echoed through every part of the building. To get people converted in the grand theatre was a difficult task. We were compelled to fix the penitent-form on the stage. At that form three crowded galleries gazed, and the mass in the pit stared to see if any one would dare to kneel. A throb went through the place as the first woman came, she being the forerunner of many more. On we fought, at it we went, until ninety-eight were counted at the Cross. All these, excepting thirty-one, sought salvation under the glaring lights, and in the face of the unlooking crowd decided for Christ. The struggle was, indeed, a severe one, but our God triumphed gloriously.—COLONEL LAWLEY.

THE COMMANDANT

In New Zealand.

IMMENSE RECEPTION AT WELLINGTON.

The Commandant had an immense reception at Wellington. The Empire City was stirred, the Citadel being gorged and hundreds were unable to gain admission. There was great excitement over the Commandant's welcome. All the Officers of the Northern and Central Divisions were present, the Maori Officers, with a contingent of natives, being down for the occasion.

The march was arranged on an elaborate scale, with a life-boat on wheels and a crew of natives in costume. The whole city was moved, dense throngs of people being on parade in the streets, who warmly greeted the Commandant enroute.

The Citadel was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and hundreds were shut out. Great excitement was exhibited on the Commandant's appearance on the platform. The Maories greeted him in native fashion. An address of welcome was given by Brigadier Hoskin, and the Commandant's reply was received with rounds of applause and enthusiastic cheering, the audience being held as by a spell.

Sixty-two souls knelt at the Cross for pardon and purity.

MAJOR SHARP AT MONTREAL.

Fifty-Three People at the Cross.

Major Sharp visits Montreal. Heaven-on-earth times; nine days' victory; four Corps visited; Field Officers' Local Officers', Soldiers' Councils; fifty-three for Salvation and cleansing.

T. COOMBS, Adjt.

KINGSTON CONQUESTS.

Two General Secretary, Major Gaskin, Assisted by Major Sharp, His Staff, the String and Fife and Drum Bands, do Desperate Fighting —Twenty-Two People at the Cross.

(Special.)

SIEGE Booming. Glorious week-end. Enthusiastic welcome of Major Gaskin; splendid crowds; finances excellent; twenty-two souls; fifteen for Salvation; seven for holiness; Soldiers fought well. Corps Band and Provincial String Band hard at it. Knee-drill an eye-opener; forty-eight present. Major and Mrs. Sharp, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave and Adjutant Coombs (Montreal I.) assisting in the attack. Finished at 11.15 p. m. rejoicing over captures. Band of Love and Drum and Fife Band out on Saturday night. General Secretary fully sustained reputation. Soldiers and friends send expressions of love and sympathy with Commissioner in her illness, and are praying for speedy restoration. Campaign continuing.—Hargrave.

OLD RICHMOND STREET RISING.

Another Day of Victory.

The Editor of the War Cry commenced a week's Revival Campaign at Richmond Street Corps, Toronto, on Sunday, March 21st. He was reenforced during the latter part of the day with Staff-Captain Minnice, Staff-Captain Rawling, Adjutant Manton and Mother Florence. Both Officers and Soldiers rallied up for a good fight, and fought valiantly. The meetings were pungent, powerful, pointed and edifying. To God be the glory! The congregations were splendid. One woman volunteered for Salvation at night. Prospects excellent for the coming week.

ADJUTANT HAY AT LISGAR ST.

Adjutant Hay led the meetings all day Sunday. Thirty-five out for knee-drill. The open-air companies are increasing, and fifty-nine were on the march. 121 attended the Juniors' meeting, and four Juniors got saved at night. God is blessing our work all round.

S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

EASTERN TRIUMPHS.

Chancellor Gage, of St. John, N B, Reports 249 Prisoners for February—Great Advance in the Junior War, Band of Love, and Recruits and Soldiers.

The month of February, although very stormy, shows a good capture of prisoners and a marked improvement all around. 249 prisoners is a good catch, and a number of these have already been enrolled as Soldiers; others are coming on and will be enrolled presently. The following Districts have taken part in the Campaign and report as follows:

DISTRICTS.	PRISONERS.
St. John	46
Windsor	41
Bermuda	35
Moncton	24
New Glasgow	22
St. Stephen	22
Cape Breton	18
Halifax	16
Newcastle	13
Springhill	8
P. E. I.	4

Adjutant Aikenhead leads the way, closely followed by Ensign Graham, and not far behind is Adjutant DesBrisay, Adjutant Miller is fourth on the list, followed by "Commodore" McGillivray and Ensign Crichton. Ensign Fraser's returns show up well, and next on the list comes Adjutant Creighton, the Halifax D. O., followed by Ensign Pugh, Adjutant Mathews and Ensign Hendricks. The following increases have also been made:

Recruits	57
Soldiers	21
Junior Soldiers	91
Band of Love members	75
(Weekly average increase)	
No. Junior Soldier Companies	27
No. Company attendance	151
Band of Love attendance	118

The Junior Soldier work is going ahead with leaps and bounds. We expect to have it thoroughly organized in every Corps in the Province shortly, also the Band of Love is going ahead fine and will soon be organized in all the largest Corps. We are pushing ahead with might and main, and on the 15th of next month the Provincial Officer and your humble servant will sail for Bermuda to inspect the work, and conduct some big meetings.

CHANCELLOR.

Two Sleepy Stories.

ONE SLEPT AND THE OTHER DIDN'T.

A Brother's Testimony: "I like the Salvation Army very much. My occupation is such that if I got to any of the other churches, I always feel sleepy; but I always keep awake in the Salvation Army."

• • •

The Other Testimony: "Well, I know I am saved, but I do not know anything about this 'ere sanctification. One thing—before I was saved I could never go to sleep because I was afraid, but now I can go to sleep anywhere in the meeting or anywhere else." (General collapse).

BLANCHE READ.

THE SECOND CALL.

By COLONEL JACOBS.

NOW the call comes to every warrior to carry out the second part of the "Siege of the Lost." We have talked about winning souls—have done it. Glory to God! Right round the Territory the cry has gone forth, "Souls! Souls!! Souls!!!" We have prayed for them; sung for them; hoped for them, and got them! Ten thousand hallelujahs to our King!

This is only the commencement of the work. The dead have been raised, the blind received sight, the lame have walked, the lepers cleansed; for which we one and all give praise to our God. The great commission which Jesus left to His followers was that they were to make disciples of all nations. This is the next advance we are to make. His great purpose was that His followers should be spread right round the world, and each and every one to fight as His Soldiers until the world was brought to God. He requires ourselves, our bodies, our hopes, our ambitions, our prospects for the present and the future not for pleasure; not to play at religion; not to be simply counted as another professor—no! but a Soldier for war!

Our duty, as older Soldiers, require us to be more helpful and careful for those who have been won for God, and urge them definitely:

1. TO BE A SOLDIER OF GOD. This means He should have them altogether—a living sacrifice; their bodies on the altar; in deed and in truth to consider from this moment, henceforth, and forever, I'm not my own, I belong to Jesus.

2. GOD WANTS THEM FOR ACTIVE SERVICE. This is the great need of today. Our Master felt the same need in His day. On one occasion He said to His disciples, as He looked out upon the fields: "The fields are white unto harvest; pray ye." What were they to pray for? Some one to write a book about it? Some one to criticize it, or find fault with it? No! He said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He will SEND FORTH MORE LABOURERS INTO HIS HARVEST." Yes; laborers! that's the word. He didn't even say, "Send forth more influence," nor yet, "Send for the priest," nor any other great religious teachers of the day; what he felt the great need of, was laborers. To the thousands of professors of religion who are out of work let the call go forth that God and the Salvation Army wants laborers.

3. SOME WILL COME UNWILLINGLY. There are falterers; there are excusers; and some will make a hundred and one excuses why they should not be Soldiers. The poor, miserable excuses which they give will look very small indeed at the Judgment Day, compared with the great realities of a long eternity. Press them into the fight; never mind if they are weak. Paul says: "Him that is weak in faith receive ye." Exercise will help them; doing a little for God will help their courage. When God sees they are willing to work they may get more strength. Push them in the fight. Tell them that God's great purpose in saving them was to make them WITNESSES and SERVANTS for Him.

4. Keep well in mind the great enrolment of April 29th. Just think, thousands will be enrolled that night! Encourage that idea in every part of the Territory. Every available recruit is to be enrolled at the same time; one mighty advance—one great consecration of flesh and blood to God, which will cause dismay and alarm to the enemies of our King. For this great effort let the signal run from the Pacific to the Atlantic in this great conflict: "God expects every man to do his duty."

Cheer Up, Brother!

By THE EDITOR.

I SAID NOT UNTO THE SEED OF JACOB, SEEK YE ME IN VAIN. —Isaiah xlv., 19.

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HEAR THIS, oh, tempest-tossed one. This day, though thy sea of adversity runs higher than ever before, thy torn sails stream forth like ribands flapping in the whirl of the blast, thy rudder be gone, thy vessel leaky, thy strength exhausted, thy heart faint and all thy human helpers have failed, yet there is ONE who is infinitely able to deliver thee, and He has confirmed His gracious invitation to seek Him, by again declaring before Heaven, earth and hell, "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, seek ye Me in vain." Then seek Him, and thou shalt add thine to the million-voiced testimony which already affirms it is no VAIN thing to wait upon the Lord.

You cannot have big victories without fierce battles.—Field Commissioner.

GOING

Under the Star Spangled Banner.

Adjutant and Mrs. Andrews Talk to the Editor about their Last Few Years.

Before those old Canadian identities,—Adjutant and Mrs. Andrews—left Ontario for Columbus, Ohio, where they go to take charge of the Corps, I succeeded in eliciting from the Adjutant and his wife a few particulars of their past doings, which may prove interesting to their many friends on this side the line, and may also help to more perfectly introduce them to the new friends, among whom their lot is to be cast.

ADJUTANT ANDREWS.

The Adjutant hails originally from Dundee, his bright little wife from Northamptonshire. The Adjutant and the Editor were Cadets together in the old Clapton Training Home in '85. Andrews was appointed to Canada in '86, has spent four years at the principle Corps in Ontario, and six in the Maritime Provinces, where in 1888 he was married to Captain Hett. Andrews' last appointment was to Lindsay, Ontario. He was there about three months, during which time forty people professed conversion. Twenty-four Soldiers were enrolled, there being between twenty-five and thirty Soldiers and Recruits made out of the forty who came to the penitent-form. This is splendid work in a town of seven thousand inhabitants, with a hall holding about 450, and is good evidence that God has been with the Adjutant and his wife. Popular interest, too, was stirred up, as is evidenced by the fact that the congregations were nearly doubled. At the Adjutant's first Roll-Call, about twelve persons responded; within seven weeks the attendance averaged from thirty-five to forty-seven. A notable advance was made in the income from cartridge money, which was raised to an average of $3.00. For the benefit of other Corps, we may as well explain that this excellent result was achieved by a Provincial Board, which the Adjutant formed from a few of the Local Officers and Soldiers, who sat once a week, and looked after this branch of the finances without the Adjutant moving a finger. $80.00 debt was cleared off the

MRS. ADJUTANT ANDREWS.

Corps during the Adjutant's stay. The War Cry sales, which were about 100 weekly, averaged about 150, and the sales have gone even as high as 190. This was not done by the Adjutant's personal sales, but by his systematic and original methods in organizing and encouraging his boomers. During the real cold weather of January, the knee-drills were as high as twenty-six; they averaged eighteen for the three months. This was a fine advance on the old figures, which stood from five to nine. The Adjutant speaks most highly of the Lindsay people. He says the Soldiers are full of sympathy and are hard workers, and that there is a beautiful class of friends, who are always ready to give practical assistance. The Adjutant's appointments here have been Norwich, Goderich, Seaforth, Petrolea, Stratford, Bowmanville, Strathroy, Palmerston, Ingersoll, Sherbrooke, St. John I., Chatham, N. B., Charlottetown, Windsor, N. S., Spring Hill, N. S., where he was promoted Ensign; St. Stephen, N. B., and the Halifax Shelter. Mrs. Andrews, who is a very capable and worthy assistant to her husband, was stationed at Kingston, Belleville, Oshawa, Guelph, Woodstock, Halifax Training Home and Corps, and Chatham, N. B., where she was married. The War Cry wishes Adjutant and Mrs. Andrews good success in helping to win the 70,000,000 of the great Republic to God and Righteousness.

Referring to his successor, Adjutant Searr, Andrews says that if the choice had been left with him, he could not have selected a better successor throughout the field to carry forward the work he has been enabled to do.

Mrs. Andrews said the Halifax Shelter has been a great boon to the Newfoundlanders. When the Banks failed, many of them came over to Halifax, and I have seen them march up seventy strong to the Shelter and take possession, delighted to get board and lodging at so cheap a rate.

One of the best cases of conversion is an ex-Officer, once Lieutenant Parkins. He has been out of the work four years, but is in the glorious liberty of the children of God and will be a pillar in the Corps.

Brother Mosely, who was brought to God, is a tall man of about fifty years of age, whose wife prayed for him for years. She was a typical Methodist, and a member of that church. She often said that it would be the greatest day of her life to see her husband in a red guernsey. Her prayers were answered, and God saved her husband the last Sunday in the old year, and it was in the Army. Mrs. Mosely thereupon felt it her duty to leave the church and come into the Army with her husband. They both went into uniform right away.

We learn from the Provincial Officer that Lindsay Corps, owing to a set of circumstances over which no one had any particular control, had got down to low-water mark temporarily, but its general condition was very much better than the comparative figures quoted here would lead one to suppose.

JOHN COMPLIN.

LATE TIPS.

Major Gaskin was at Kingston Sunday the 21st.

Mrs. Colonel Jacobs has been quite ill this week.

The Trade Headquarters have issued a new price list.

Edmonton had a "spelling match" as a special meeting recently.

The Editor had a grand day at Richmond Street on Sunday. Two souls.

Major Gaskin and the Staff Band had a good time at Richmond Street on Thursday.

The East Ontario Chancellor, Staff-Captain Hargrave, has been in Toronto for a day or two.

A Friend sends three handkerchiefs and a ring to Headquarters for the Indian Famine Fund.

Sergeant-Major Fallis, of Carberry called to see old North-West Officers at the Temple on Thursday.

Adjutant Hay, the Central Juniors' man, led the Temple Wednesday night battle and got two men saved.

Captain Tom McGill, of Brandon, Man., blessed us with his fatherly, brotherly and comradelike smile and presence last week.

Adjutant Pease and Ensign Page led the Temple Soldiers and holiness meetings this week. Two people forward in the Holiness meeting.

Captain Stolliker, the War Cry shipper, challenges any other Headquarters Officer to sell more Crys outside the Barracks than he does. One sinner repented.

During the two weeks ending March 12th, 118 souls have been saved in West Ontario. The highest number of captures have been made as follows: Chatham, 24; Windsor, 12; Petrolea, 8; Guelph, 10; Seaforth, 5; Blenheim, 5; Hespeler, Ingersoll, Paris, Leamington and London, 4 each; Wallaceburg, 3; Brantford, 3; and Berlin, Strathroy, Clinton, Tilbury and Simcoe, 2 each.

The most attractive thing going down Yonge Street is our uniform.—Field Commissioner.

THE WORLD TO-DAY.

The Crete Centre.

AT THE TIME OF WRITING, the world still gazes almost breathlessly at the little island of Crete, Europe's storm-centre. Crete, with a population two-thirds nominally Christian, naturally enough wishes to cut herself free from the intolerable rule of the Turk. Greece, her bigger brother, whose sympathies just as naturally lie with their oppressed neighbors, desires to step in, free the Cretans, and give justice to all. But "the Powers," instead of welcoming anything which would lessen the power and influence of the satyr in their midst, are actually stultifying themselves by trimming their guns on the Christians in order to uphold what they are pleased to term "the integrity of the Turkish Empire." About the only redeeming feature of this mammoth performance on the world's stage is the fact that to Queen Victoria's influence it is said to be due that other of the powers have not already broken in on Greece and crushed her, and the British people are showing signs of a moral awakening which will not suffer themselves to be drawn further into an alliance which in its aims seems to be foreign to the traditions of so free a people as the British. It would be, in our opinion, infinitely preferrable for every Turkish bond-holder to lose all than that Britain's ministers should be drawn into an embroglio such as that indicated in the events of the past few weeks. We may well take up that prayer from the Anglican Church Litany, and say, "Send peace in our time, O Lord."

• • •

Fitzsimmons and Corbett.

The English-speaking man seems to be full of the fighting instinct. The Fitzsimmons and Corbett fight, says a daily paper, excited more interest in Toronto than any event since the last general elections. Oh, for a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost to turn all these forces into the sanctified channels of spiritual warfare. The story of Ex-Champion Trickett, now running in the War Cry, strongly illustrates how unsatisfying are the honors that fall even to the Champion's lot. With respect to both men, the sight of all sights would be to see them kneeling together at the Cross of Jesus Christ for Salvation, and then rising united in an indivisible spiritual bond to fling themselves into the fight against sin and hell with ardor equally as intense as they fought their hand-to-hand conflicts in former days. God grant it!

OH, THAT TONGUE!

By A. A. KELLEY.

THE SCRIPTURES are very explicit in regard to the right use of the tongue. The words of the mouth are the index to the heart. Evil speaking is among the sins that must be laid aside before we can enjoy the grace of God or be benefitted in receiving the truths of the Gospel. The Word of God speaks so much against it. David expresses a type of character of the inhabitants of Zion, by saying, "He that backbiteth not with his tongue nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor." Are we this kind? Let us refer to a few passages of God's Word in regards to a Christian duty with the tongue:

Leviticus xix. 16: Thou shalt not go up nor down as a tale-bearer among thy people.

James iv., 11: Speak not evil one with another, brethren.

Titus iii. 2: To speak evil of no man.

I. Peter ii. 1: Wherefore laying aside all malice and guile and hypocrisies and all evil-speaking.

Prov. x. 19: In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise.

James iii. 2: If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

Some people sing, "Oh, for a thousand tongues," etc., but from the way they use their ONE, we might well praise God they have but one, for their practice speaks as though they longed for a thousand tongues to speak about their neighbors' faults. It should be the fervent prayer of every Officer and Soldier and Christian that his words may be always with grace, that the fruit of his lips may be such as will honor God and minister grace to the hearer.

How many an Officer has left the field and backslidden through backbiting and false reports about our Army! How many Soldiers and converts have gone to ruin over evil-speaking and backbiting. Let us take that portion in love which we have had in evil-speaking, and we shall see a genuine case of true conversion. Amen!

Siege Pointers.

By A. L. P.

THE devil has a great horror of Soldier-makers. He sees they are dangerous to his domain.

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THE man who gets saved at the Army penitent-form is a Salvationist by birth.

• • •

THE longer the devil can persuade a soul to enlist after his conversion, the more chance is there of that soul's ultimate backsliding.

• • •

IF a convert is to continue in good spiritual condition he must be made to feel that he has a personal share in a fight for souls. Trembling and weak though he is, he may form the key to turn the hard hearts of old companions, hitherto fast locked against the appeals of older and skilled warriors.

• • •

SINCE confession with the mouth ranks next to faith in the heart as an essential to Salvation, how unnecessary it is that converts should let their conversion be known wherever they go. Therefore, they cannot do better than wear uniform; then, whether they speak or no, they will be marked as separate from the world. Even if it be only a badge conspicuously worn, its bearer is known to all as a follower of the Crucified.

• • •

IF the new Soldier is going to be a soul-saver, he must wear uniform. If he attempts to deal with sinners in attire which is a counterpart of their own, he may defeat his highest purposes.

• • •

UNIFORM is a safeguard to the wearer's own spiritual position. Temptations to return to the saloon and gambling hall come not so strong to the man who carries the added privilege and responsibility of Salvation attire.

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Exercise is the secret of strength, in spiritual as well as physical life. See that Recruits get plenty of this. They should have ample opportunity given them to pray and testify—the older Soldiers being willing, if needs be, to shorten their own petitions, that these beginners may have time to take some part.

• • •

Open-air work is splendid drill for new Soldiers. A few words of testimony in the ring, surrounded by their old companions, will give them a dose of strong spiritual stimulus. It will increase both their faith and courage, and create a determination to try again.

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While every effort possible is directed towards the enlisting of those already saved, the unconverted must not be forgotten, nor endeavors for their Salvation be neglected. Soul-saving is never out of season.

IMPORTANT

To All Staff and Field Officers.

Officers will kindly remember that from this date they must not send girls or children to any Rescue Home without first writing to the Officer in charge to find out whether there is accommodation in the Home for such cases, as we have been put to much inconvenience through women and children being sent to us without previous arrangement. We shall be delighted to co-operate with Officers in any matter, if they will communicate with us. MRS. MAJOR READ,

Secretary for Women's Social Work.

DO YOU LOVE PRAYER, love God, and love souls as much this moment as ever you did? If not, backslider is your name. Go to God, tell Him all about it, and claim the power which will make you a soul-winner. Get the power at all costs; you are useless without it.

AGITATOR.

AMONG

Western Mountains

AND

IN WESTERN SNOW DRIFTS.

A Murderer Prayed with—Absinthe Fiend—Two Funerals A Generous Major Touching Farewells—Blizzards and Blockades—The The Russell Rotario—Poke Bonnets Respected—Newfoundland Wind-up—"Crown Him Lord of All."

MRS. MAJOR READ,
Secretary Women's Social Work.

Missoula followed on our glorious Campaign in Butte City.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were all strangers to each other, our first meeting was a bright, free and profitable one. There was a good typical Western crowd. Being the anniversary of General George Washington's birth, we asked for a birthday offering, saying we were sure the old hero-warrior would like his countrymen to support any work that had for its purpose the elevation of humanity and the amelioration of their needs.

The crowd responded generously, and when the sum given was announced and there was a lack of forty cents to make the last dollar, some one in the audience shouted, "Make it even," and promptly handed out the requisite amount.

On Tuesday morning a Comrade drove Captain Babington and I out to Fort Missoula, occupied by the 25th Infantry of the U. S. A.

We were received with the greatest courtesy by the commanding officer, who was much interested in our Women's Social Work, and gave a donation for the same.

The Colonel afterwards sent an Orderly to show us over the Garrison. The Band Sergeant very kindly called his men together, and they played several selections for us, very sweetly, one being, "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

The next scene was a very different one indeed. We attended the funeral of a poor sporting woman, who was shot by her lover while in a jealous passion. He had been drinking absinthe, and after shooting the unfortunate woman, took his own life, and at the time of the poor creature's funeral lay in an adjoining room in the undertaker's shop.

It was sad, sad indeed—no one to shed a tear over the erring one.

Rev. Mr. McAlister conducted the service and spoke solemn words of warning to the crowd gathered—most of whom were associates of the dead woman.

True—"the wages of sin is death."

* * * *

A fair crowd gathered for the Social meeting in the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Hay—supplying pastor—occupied the pulpit and testified of his appreciation of the Army's work, especially in Chicago, where he had had more opportunity of seeing its results—also of the statements made regarding the Rescue Branch that evening.

Rev. Mr. McAlister, Methodist, also talked for some time of the need of the Rescue Department in this part of the country. "The sad event of this afternoon—funeral—had emphasized that fact." He also gave some figures of his own experience, which were of the deepest interest. The Rev. gentleman's remarks were encouraging to those engaged in seeking the lost ones. The President of one of the leading banks was present, and a substantial gift was received from his bank. The Mayor and other citizens also gave liberal donations for Helena Rescue Home. My last duty was a painful one. It was to conduct the funeral service of a dear Comrade—Mrs. Hunter—who had died the previous Monday evening. Mrs. Hunter's Salvation was the first-fruits of the present Captain Habington's work. She was a devoted wife and mother, and much respected in the city. The Barracks was packed, many standing. An impressive meeting was held. Many tears of sympathy were shed for the bereaved husband and the three motherless little ones. Three hands were lifted during the prayer-song. "PREPARE ME TO STAND BEFORE THY THRONE."

"SPOKANE, WASHINGTON !"

"SPOKANE, WASHINGTON !" 'Twas a welcome sound when our arrival in Spokane was announced just after midnight by the train officials. The first meeting here was in the First Congregational Church.

Dr. Cherington was the chairman. Rev. Mr. Singer led in prayer and the doctor spoke of his pleasure in welcoming the Salvation Army to his church. "They are doing a noble work," he said. "Would it not be unkind if we saw a dear fellow rescuing from the waves a struggling fellow-man, to criticize him because he was an awkward, brawny-armed man? No, we honor the work, no matter what the means !"

Our services in the Barracks were marked by a deep spiritual fervor. The crowds were good, the Soldiers joyful and earnest. On Friday and Saturday, as we gave the invitation, a soul volunteered out. Sunday, 11 a. m., after a stirring open-air, we had a beautiful Holiness meeting. Five were FOUND KNEELING AT THE CROSS AT THE END.

In many ways our afternoon meeting was the most interesting. The League of Mercy was organized, Mrs. Freidrich taking the oversight of the Pacific Province, and two Soldiers being appointed on the spot for Spokane. We commenced operations at once, as Ensign Barnes had arranged for us to have a special meeting in the County prison at the close of our afternoon meeting. The officials were most cordial and very interested at the prospect of the League of Mercy conducting regular services with the men. The prisoners were delighted and expressed their pleasure at the visit. They joined heartily in the singing and my heart has never been moved as it was when they wished to sing at the close, "God be with you till we meet again." They sang the touching hymn right through to the end. God bless them ! Two hands were lifted when they were asked who would give themselves to Jesus, and so far as we could see, all held up their hands in response to a request to begin to pray. We prayed with A MURDERER CONDEMNED TO DEATH and others. There were some noble-looking fellows among the prisoners—far too good for the enemy's service.

Some leading citizens were visited on behalf of the Home, the City Council appealed to for a grant, and arrangements made to improve our Rescue Work in Spokane City.

We purpose moving into a larger house and Ensign Milner is going in to make the Home more attractive to the class we seek to save. To this end we have appealed to the public through the Press, and expect a liberal response.

I must not forget to mention the time spent with Mrs. Barnes visiting Music Halls, Variety Theatres, Gambling Halls, saloons, etc., on Saturday night. Everywhere we were greeted with the greatest kindness and deepest respect. The opinion expressed to me on the train a day or two afterwards as we watched one of those great American rotaries plunging through ten feet of snow, voices the sentiment of the public towards the Army in the Western States: "I have been in places where a man's life would not be safe, especially if it were known he had five dollars in his pocket, but I have everywhere seen the poke bonnet treated with respect."

Mrs. Friedrieb will organize a systematic visitation of all these places and this will facilitate the efforts of our Rescue Home.

I left Spokane on Monday, March 1st, expecting to have the same good fortune as going out—freedom from blizzards, snow blockades, etc., but, alas for human anticipation. The story is too long to tell—(the kind Editor's shears click in my ears !)

Adjutant Goodwin had invited me to stay and rest a day with her at Jamestown. Gladly I accepted the invitation, for I was weary after my day and night endeavors. We visited the Jamestown Asylum Wednesday afternoon; had a bright, happy, sort of welcome-home meeting with the dear Jamestown folk at 8 p. m., and finished up with a Half-Night of Prayer.

REST ? Oh, no, but 'twas a blessed time. At the close a Soldier started, "God be with you." We all sang it together. I shall never forget those dear people. Started for Valley City on Thursday to spend the day with Captain and Mrs. Westacott, but lo—I spent it in a snow-drift—or rather, my train did. We got to Valley City, after being eleven hours travelling thirty miles. There was no train out of Valley City for two days. In spite of blizzards, etc., we had good crowds, and instead of leaving Friday at 6 a. m., I left Saturday, 5 p. m. As we passed Wheatland, where the blockade had been, a gentleman—an eye-witness of the scene—described to me the clearing of the road. The drift was 200 feet long and 10 to 12 feet high. The great snow plough "Russel" was the first in the Siege. Behind it were two Rotaries, three engines. They ran back a mile to get up steam (power) then went through the blockade at the rate of 60 miles an hour, and cleared the way without an accident. 'Twas a noble effort, and will live in the minds of the witnesses. I reached Fargo at midnight in blinding snow-storm—no one to meet me—Officers had watched two days—given up expecting me. I could go no further, so took a cab, routed out the Officers, and stayed Sunday with them. Adjutant Gale and his Lieutenants were exceedingly kind. However, I reached Winnipeg Monday afternoon. Had just a delightful old-time meeting. The dear Band boys gave up practice to come to the meeting—played a splendid new piece. We finished with two souls—Newfoundland dance, and "Crown Him Lord of all." That is the language of my spirit—"Crown Him with praise for all His goodness to me in my day and night journeyings." His be the glory for the victories achieved—the souls. To Him be the gratitude of my heart, and also to the precious Comrades and people whose kind sympathy and practical interest will live in my memory for ever.

MRS. MAJOR READ.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

There are 25,000 teetotallers in the British forces in India.

The population of Japan at the close of last year was 42,270,620.

It is said that 6,520 persons committed suicide in the United States last year.

In 1896, there were 112 legal executions in the United States and 131 lynchings.

Eight million acres under wheat will grow all the bread needed for the people of Britain.

Maine has no breweries or distilleries, but it has 30 loan and building associations in active operation. Pacific Ensign.

It is stated on good authority that in Bohemia, 23 owners hold 17-100ths of the land and own 123 big breweries and 35 distilleries.

A telegraph message from New York to Auckland traverses a length of line of 19,123 miles, nearly three-fourths of which is submarine cable. It has to be repeated or re-written fourteen times.

Two hundred cities in the United States have adopted the curfew. Parents, school-teachers, employers of youthful labor, and especially Chiefs of Police, are emphatic in praise of its efficacy.

Intemperance among London women is increasing. The metropolitan police returns show that there has been a decided advance during the last two years in the number of women apprehended for drunkenness.

The New York Tribune remarks that "the Barracks of the Salvation Army stood wide open during the storm, for the hungering and shivering poor, while the church doors were bolted and barred. There is a whole sermon in this."—Farmer.

Cuba's budget, which amounts to more than $26,000,000, it is said, is chiefly spent on the salaries of Spanish officials, Spanish wars, Spanish efforts to suppress insurrections, and Spanish extravagance. The Governor-General of Cuba gets $50,000 a year.

It would take a beer-barrel, with a capacity of 485,000 gallons, to supply the beer-drinking demands of the London public. 5,500 gallons of wine are consumed daily in London, and 16,000 gallons of spirits. 90,000 pounds of tea are consumed daily in London. There are 14,000 licensed saloons in London.

A bicycle has been invented by two Frenchmen capable of being folded on the back of the rider when the roads are too heavy for wheeling. The bicycle weighs from twenty-four to twenty-five pounds, was designed for military purposes, and it is said will revolutionize warfare, as infantry will now be able to make more rapid progress than cavalry can.

In Canada, as in the United States, it is a frequent complaint that Government and bank paper currency is issued and reissued until it gets into an insanitary condition and becomes a medium for carrying disease germs. The Bank of England never re-issues a note, and though its notes be merely carried from one counter to another, they are invariably destroyed. Though such waste is unnecessary, better judgment might be shown regarding the re-issue of torn and dirty paper currency.—Globe.

There's no beating round the bush at the Golden Gate.—Field Commissioner.

ALL ROUND

Commander Booth-Tucker is touring the Pacific Coast, and had eighty-five souls for the week-end at Los Angeles, Cal.——Major Prabhu Das had a narrow escape from death in a railway collision in India——Lieut.-Col. Perry, Brigadier Cox (War Cry Editor) and Major Caygill, of New York, are sick—|—Mrs. Ensign Tornkolst, Editor of the U. S. Swedish Cry, has suddenly been promoted to Glory from New York—|—A murderer, sentenced to be hung at Seattle next month, has professed Salvation at Seattle through the visit of the Army folks—|—Chicago is having a great Social boom. The Commander recently spoke to the students of the North-West University.—|—Staff-Captain Carlson and Ensign Blomquist have been transferred from Sweden to the U. S. —|—Brigadier Swift, of New York, is to visit England shortly.—|—Premiers Kingston and Forest, visited the Australian H. Q. and were introduced to the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.—|—Chinese work is being commenced in Australia. —|—Mrs. Commandant Booth has taken charge of Women's Social work in Victoria.—|—Major Roberts has been transferred to England from Australia.—|—The Commandant has had a marvellous welcome to New Zealand.—|—A man who spent £1,700 in drink and broke his home up fifteen times, got saved in Queensland.—|—Major Saunders, of Australia, travelled 17,500 miles in nine weeks.—|—Commissioner Coombs' eldest son leads a Junior Soldier Company at South Tottenham.—|—3,231,917 meals, and 1,339,246 beds were supplied by the English Social Departments last year, while work was found for 11,898.—|—There was a great destruction of pipes and feathers at Commissioner Railton's meeting at Northampton.—|—The General had ninety-eight souls at the Cross at Halifax on Sunday. —|—When Commissioner Dowdle was sailing through the Red Sea, he says he lifted his hat in the honor of God for the victory the Israelites had over the Egyptians.—|—Fifty-three Zulus have been at the penitent-form at Hulett Settlement, in Natal.—|—240 orphan and famine children have been taken care of by the Army in India, and sixteen grain depots opened.—|—The Queen and Queen Regent of Holland gave £25 to our Social work.—|—Sergt.-Major McIlvrid, of Jersey City II., has been made a Deputy Sheriff.

GONE BEFORE.

John Clinton Promoted from Petrolea.

On Sunday morning, Brother John Clinton was in his accustomed place at the Holiness meeting. While on his way home to dinner he showed symptoms of not being well, and at once took to bed. Just four days later his spirit took its flight to the God who gave it. Our brother worked the night tower of a pumping rig, (where they pump the oil out of the ground), and often testified to the glorious times he had alone with God when nobody else was near. Three sought God at the Memorial Service.—Captain W. Long.

* * *

Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Petrolea.

Over fifty years ago our brother entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in England, and was enabled to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. Although laid aside for some years from the fight, he has ever listened to and obeyed the voice of God. His last days were days of peace, when he proved the blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Those that knew him, knew him as a man that was interested in his Master's business. At his Memorial Service two sons and a grand-daughter started for the Kingdom of Heaven.

CAPTAIN W. LONG.

* * *

Death at Carberry.

Death has visited our ranks and taken from us our beloved and respected comrade, Mrs. Harrison. In March, 1892, she wept her way to Jesus in a meeting led by Captain Isaacson, and from that time to the time of her death she manifested a true Salvation spirit. Sunday, January 10th, was the last meeting she attended, when she testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Once, as I visited her, she said, "Lieutenant, tell the soldiers to be true; tell them their chances for getting souls saved are passing. There are so many unsaved going down to despair; urge the comrades forward—it is so important they should go in for souls." She leaves a husband and nine children to mourn her loss. The bereaved ones have our deepest sympathy.—Lieutenant Askin.

WHO AM I?

YES! I have fought for my own. I have claimed my rights. I have sought honor and struggled for gain. I have murmured at ills and chafed under my burdens. I have resented interference by others, and demanded my own will and my own way. And yet, who am I? Oh, how I have resisted the injustice that others have done me, how their cross words, their ingenious and ungenerous surmises have called to arms all the passions of my nature! How I have worried, and striven, and complained and rebelled! What wrongs I have imagined have been done me! What well-earned kindnesses withheld from me! How much, too, of greatness, I have thought my own! The praise of men has adorned my actions. It has been pleasant to contemplate the admiration with which those I call my inferiors have regarded my doings. Not that I am undeserving of their applause. I have fought battles and won victories. Therefore it is that I have been called a victor.

But when I have said all, this question repeats itself with an ever-deepening meaning,

Who Am I?

I am as a passing bird winging its flight o'er a restless sea. It cannot pause, the Continent behind is ever further, the Continent before ever nearer. I am as a flower of the field drawing out its allotted nourishment and then wasting away. I am as the light born in the delicacy of early dawn and spreading its gilded brightness into the closing night. All these are fleeting, passing things. So am I! To-day I live and think and act and call myself great and good—to-morrow the place that knew me knows me no more. To-day I imagine myself indispensable to the ultimate issue of even God's purposes; to-morrow, the feet of those who carry me to the grave are at the door and the ebb of life winds on the same without me! To-day I struggle for my inheritance and scheme for my position, to-morrow, death has closed the hands that grasped and stilled the aching brain. Life—my life—is but a short span between two eternities. Naked I emerged from the one—naked I shall return into the other. Why should I care so much about the approval of men? Will their voices be with me fifty years hence? Why should I be proud? Shall I be favored of death?

Oh, to walk amid my surroundings and among my brethren under the influence of that humility which recognises life's advantages as mine by FAVOR but not by RIGHT. T. H.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Major Pugmire's First Visit to Woodstock, N.B.—Met at the Station by Band and Corps Great Crowds—Welcomed by Mayor Hay, who also Presided at a Banquet—Seven at the Cross—About $46 Income.

MAJOR ESSELL and Staff-Captain Gage spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday in the town of Wood stock, N. B. After several hours in the cars, we were welcomed on our arrival at the station by the Officers, (McDonald and Rogers) Brass Band and Corps, and mounting the war chariot marched through the town. This caused quite a sensation and was a good advertisement for the meetings which were to follow on.

Saturday night's meeting was to welcome me. His Worship, Mayor Hay, who is a staunch friend of the Salvation Army, made a neat address and spoke kindly words of welcome.

Sunday was a stormy day. For several hours the snow fell heavily, but this did not keep back the crowds. Knee-drill was attended by seventeen Soldiers and Christians. It was a nice time. Good old Farmer Smith, who walks about two miles, gave me a "kiss of welcome." In the Holiness meeting, God came very near, and three dear Comrades sought His fulness and gave themselves fully to Him.

The afternoon meeting was grand. Staff-Captain Gage read and took well he a. Gade a crowd rose up to dedicate themselves to God and two sinners came to His feet.

The night meeting was a hard fight, but God gave us the victory; two sought His pardon.

A Banquet had been provided for Monday, which was a grand affair. It was a luxurious spread and was well attended. We had the pleasure of the Mayor's company at the head of the table. A large company was present at the night's meeting. I had been announced to speak on the Army's work, and was again supported by the Mayor, who at the close made a warm speech in favor of the Salvation Army, in which he said he thought it was time he put the red hand on his "heave." Captain McDonald has good hold of the Corps and town, and is assisted by a noble band of Soldiers. God bless Woodstock! (Amen! That's where the Assistant Editor joined 'em.—Ed.)

THINGS NEEDED IN THE PROVINCE:—

(1.) More attention paid by Officers and Soldiers to the Junior work and Band of Love.

(2.) Officers to organize the J. S. and Band of Love, then when they leave the Corps their work won't fall to pieces.

(3.) More attention paid to converts; their names properly registered at the penitent-form, followed up and visited.

(4.) Converts pushed up and urged to become Soldiers.

(5.) A better system of War Cry selling. (Amen! Here! here! Now you're talking, Major!—Ed.) Some one ought to be at the door with Crys at every meeting to sell to people as they pass into Barracks, and not let the Crys lay on the platform until they are sung out of.

(6.) More applicants for the work. Now then for more Candidates in the next four weeks! Apply at once to Major Pugmire, 218 Pitt Street, St. John, N. B.

(7.) More blood and fire Salvation Armyism in some of our Corps.

Yours hard at it,

J. S. PUGMIRE.

PEGWASH.—Since coming here we can say the Lord has been good to us, as also the people, for they are very kind to us.

70 War Crys. Cadet M. Netting.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Sunday we had good crowds all day and at night one soul. One backslider returned on Thursday night at West Head.

59 War Crys.

A "Young Soldier" Boomer.

SUMMERSIDE.—We have had special meetings, led by Ensign Hendricks. Lieutenant McEachren has arrived to help on the war. Our Newfoundland convert is getting on well. Hallelujah!

100 War Crys. Mattie Gamble.

HUNDREDS OF MILES FOR A HOLINESS COLLECTION.

DARTMOUTH.—A remarkable feature about last Sunday's holiness meeting and knee-drill was that two men came over seventy miles to knee-drill and some money was sent hundreds of miles for the Holiness meeting collection.

130 War Crys. One of the Number.

YARMOUTH.—Thursday night a Wanderer's Meeting was held for those who had once loved God, but had gone back into sin. Appropriate solos were sung, and some of the Comrades who had had a Backslider's experience spoke of their remorse and unhappiness during that time.

360 War Crys. A. Y. L.

ST. STEPHEN.—For the last three Sundays, instead of going home to tea, the Officers and as many of the Comrades as could, have stayed in the Barracks to pray. Yesterday we had a beautiful time; God came so near. We rejoiced over two souls who professed to find the Saviour.

20 War Crys. Mrs. Ens. Crichton.

HALIFAX I.—On Thursday night, commissioning of Local Officers by Adjutant Creighton. May we all shoulder our responsibilities, and go forward to be blessed and to be a blessing to the sinful, dying world. The Lord is moving by His Spirit upon the hearts of the unsaved, and several have sought the Lord since last report.

480 War Crys. Secretary Cashin.

BRIDGEWATER.—Two days' special meetings, led by Adjutant Creighton, assisted by Captains Thompson, Boggs, and Allen, and Lieutenants Selig, Davis and Winchester. A Holiness meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon. The Adjutant enrolled a recruit and commissioned Local Officers, finishing up at 11.25 with two in the Fountain.

125 War Crys.

P. Hamm, G. B. M. L. A.

MONCTON.—At the Mission Hall on Pearl Street on Monday night, four souls were at the Cross. Early on Tuesday morning, a woman called to tell us her husband was sick, and wanted some one to pray for him. We found him not only sick in body, but greatly troubled about his soul, as he had lived a very bad life. He cried to God to save him, and professed to find pardon. An old man sought God on Wednesday night. Two souls Sunday.

260 War Crys.

—G. S. Miller, Adjutant; A. Lorimer, Captain.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—:o:—

(First Insertion.)

1907. Ex-Captain ANNIE STONEMAN, SALVATION ARMY. Last heard from in 1887. Was then in Fairville, New Brunswick. Brother Archy and sister Fannie Monzies, of Somerset, Bermuda, enquires.

1908. WILLIAM HUGHES, of Bromham, Chippenham, Wilkshire, England. Last known address, Denver, Col. Mrs. Wootton, his mother, would like to know his whereabouts. American Crys please copy.

1909. GLADYS ELIZABETH WILMOT, age 7; was in the Salvation Army Rescue Home, Plateau Street, Montreal, and was last seen in Toronto with Miss Ohert. Her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Clark, Rat Portage, would be glad of any information of the child.

(Second Insertion.)

1887. THOMAS PIERSON. Age, 20. Was sent out to Canada by a Mrs. Birt, with some other children, who was sent from the Canadian Home to a Mrs. Brock, of Glen Sutton, Canada. From there he ran away; was afterwards seen around West Derby. His poor old widow mother is anxious for news.

1888. ELIZA PARK. Age, 27. Servant. Last known addresses, Fairknow Home, Brockville, Ont., 1889, Care Mr. Guy Bone, Cardnal, Ont., 1889, Care H. P. Christie; Island Martintour, Ont., 1890, Care Mrs. Thomas. Cardnal Island, Ont.

1889. GEORGE CHARLES BARNETT. Age, 33; 5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair and eyes; fair complexion. Plasterer. Native of Pontypridd, S. Wales. Was assisting with the Primitive Methodist Mission work. Last known address, Wicksome Avenue, Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. Mother enquires.

1890. WILLIAM and ROSEY SHUFFILL. William, 24; Rosey, 21. Left Camberwell Workhouse, London, for Canada, in 1880. Went to a farmer. Last heard of in 1885. Cousin John enquires. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.

1891. JULIA ELIZA CARLESS. Age, 36; medium height; thin and fair; married. Left England 14 years ago. Last known address, 46 Wood Street, Hamilton, Canada. Husband's name, Edwin; age, 38; short, dark; rather stout. May be employed in some iron works in Canada, Mother enquires.

1892. ARTHUR and BESSIE BROWN. Arthur, fair; Bessie, dark. Sailed from Bristol docks between 1886 and 1889 for Canada. Natives of St. Phillips, Bristol. Sister Ellen enquires.

1893. SIDNEY JAMES ETHERINGTON. Last heard of at the Welcome Post-Office, Ontario, Canada, two years ago. Brother and sister, Frederick and Nellie, enquires.

1894. WILLIAM SMITH. Age, 19; 5 ft. 6 in.; fair. One hand disfigured. Went out from Doctor Stevenson's Home seven years ago. Last heard of was working in the Hamilton Glass works. Last address was 164 Mackinah Street, Hamilton, Ont. Mother enquires.

1895. ISAAC BENNETT. Age, 44; medium height; fair; blue eyes; blue vein across his nose. Last heard of in Canada. Sister enquires.

1896. JOHN MORTIMER. Age, 59. Left Bradwinch about 1861. Supposed to be in Canada. Organ builder by trade. Father and uncle enquires.

1897. WILLIAM OFFORD. Age, 36; 5 ft. 8 in.; broad shoulders; dark. Sailor in the merchants' service. Last heard of 17 years ago. Mother enquires.

1898. CHARLES SIMPSON. Last heard of was soon after the American War. He left his brother's at Charlottetown, P. E. I., and has not been heard from since. American Crys please copy.

1899. WILLIAM ALEX BLACKFORD. Age, 40 years. Last heard of was living in West Consant, Marrishfield Woods County. Nephew of Samuel McGibney, stone-cutter, Ottawa. Mother enquires.

1900. GIDEON R. McBRIDE. Age, 32; light complexion. Last heard of was five years ago; then living in the Rocky Mountains. American Crys please copy. Father and mother enquires.

1901. JOHN CATTLE, or any of his family. Once resided on a large farm in Hamilton County, Webster City, Iowa, U. S. A son is thought to be living there yet on a 100-acre farm. Robert Cattle, a nephew, would like to hear some tidings from some of the family.

1902. WILLIAM DENMAN. Born in London East. Age, 39; violin player. Father's name, Wm. Denman. Mother's Emily Eliza Denman. His brother, Silas Joseph Loatch Denman, is the enquirer. Address, Box 564, Galt, Ont., Canada. English Crys please copy.

1903. JOHN HALLAM, of South America; last heard of four years ago; was then working on a railway engine in an English Company. He has a wife and two children. Their last address was Extrada de Ferro de Porto Algre-e-Nevo Hamburga Sas Leopoldo, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, South America. American Crys please copy.

1904. HAZARD ADELBERT HILLER. Age, 35; height, 5 ft. 6 in. Last seen at 10 King Street East, Toronto, in 1886. Supposed to have gone to Watertown, N. Y. His widow mother is the enquirer. American Crys please copy.

1905. FRANCES JOHN PERRY. 6 ft. in height. Last heard of in Calgary, R. S. Perry, of Thomasburg, Ont., would like to hear from him. American Crys please copy.

1906. ALFRED R. LEE or SARGENT. Age, 15; dark hair and eyes. Came from San Francisco, November, 1894, with one brother and two sisters, Edith and Ida. He lived with a Peter A. Smith, in Bracebridge. Afterwards came to Toronto. Have not been heard of since. His brother Arthur is the Enquirer.

SHAMS.

By M. W. KNAPP.

SHAM REPENTANCE is sorry for sin because of its exposures and awful consequences, not because it is wrong, and injurious and insulting to God.

SHAM FAITH trusts God for pardon while still holding on to sin, and seeking to evade its penalties. It brings no real joy or consciousness of God's blessing.

SHAM PEACE is the false, death-like quietness which comes from presumptuously believing for salvation when its conditions are not being met.

SHAM CONVERSION stops short of the assurance of salvation and the new heart which always accompanies it. It neither hungers for Holiness nor earnestly seeks it, and is glum, instead of glad and happy.

SHAM RESTITUTIONS are those made for fear of disclosures and prosecution, and often regardless of sacred interests of others that may be imperilled.

SHAM HOPE is a hope which does not purify as Christ is pure, and which is not an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. It is born of human imagination instead of God.

The One Thing Needful.

Although we have the best machinery, the most advanced methods, the finest thought-out scheme, yet all will miserably and totally fail without the power of the Spirit within our own souls. I don't think we realize this great truth sufficiently. It will not be so if we look at all the efforts put forth and note how little is accomplished; the few souls really converted into Soldiers of Jesus Christ. If the disciples needed to tarry in Jerusalem for the power of the Spirit before starting out to preach, how much more is it necessary for us. Saving souls is too gigantic a task to be undertaken without the power of God; the enemy is too strong. How can we fight with demons and devils who sit enthroned in the hearts of men and women and cast them down unless we have Divine power in us?—The Advance.

More of Shea's Don'ts.

Don't be idle.

Don't stretch the truth.

Don't be vulgar or rough.

Don't be conceited or selfish.

Don't forget the Golden Rule.

Don't be hasty in word or deed.

Don't fail to be always cheerful.

Don't bother any one that is busy.

Don't be harsh or sarcastic in your conversation.

Don't forget your "good manners" on all occasions.

Don't read trashy literature. (Get a Trade price list).

FROM DOOR TO DOOR

THE "CRY" IS SOLD.

Ziebarth Takes the Laurels this Week —McIntyre is Again Defeated— Capt. S. Johnson, of Bermuda, Gets There — Well Done, Mrs. Ayre, Lieutenant Sleeth and Captain French.

ZIEBARTH TAKES THE LAURELS THIS WEEK.

McINTYRE IS AGAIN DEFEATED.

Captain S. Johnson, of Bermuda, gets there.

Well done, Mrs. Ayre! Lieutenant Sleeth and Captain French!

CAPT. ZIEBARTH, BUTTE	246
CAPT. McINTYRE, HALIFAX I.	200
CAPT. S. JOHNSON, BERMUDA	200
ADJT. MRS. AYRE, ROSSLAND	150
LIEUT. SLEETH, BELLEVILLE	136
CAPT. FRENCH, OTTAWA, (av. 2 w.)	134
Mrs. Bateman, Stratford	131
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	130
Lieut. Hayman, Fredericton	130
Lieut. Blodgett, Berlin	125
Adjt. Mrs. Dowell, Brantford	118
Capt. Cregg, Quebec	116
Capt. Moulton, London	115
Ens. Mrs. Fraser, North Sydney	112
Capt. A. Goodwin, Sydney	110
Lieut. Mumford, London	110
Capt. Wilson, Kemptville	101
Lieut. Latimer, Montreal 1	100
Ens. M. Cowan, Butte	100
Mrs. Medlock, Toronto	100
Ens. Kendall, Brockville	100
Fred Bell, Bermuda	100
Capt. Haley, Brantford	100
*Capt. Moffatt, Vancouver	97
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont	92
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall	91
*Capt. Bryan, Brockville	90
Lieut. Coolen, Charlottetown	88
Ens. Ogilvie, St. Albin's	80
Mrs. Adjt. Phillips, Vancouver	80
Bro. Ned Barnes, Montreal 1	80
Adjt. Des Brisay, Bermuda	75
Sergt. Mrs. Law, New Glasgow	74
Capt. Prince, Charlottetown	74
Lieut. A. Martin, Parrsboro (av. 2 w.)	73
Sergt. Horwood, London	70
Capt. Vanec, Renfrew	68
Capt. Mitchell, Virden	66
Adjt. Matthews, Spring Hill	65
Capt. Mrs. Wynn, Collingwood	65
*Lieut. F. Hunter, Norwich (av. 2 w.)	65
Mrs. Capt. Coutts, Trenton	63
Capt. Hellman, Cobourg (av. 2 w.)	62
Lieut. McLeod, Pictou, N. S.	61
Alice Henderson, Ottawa (av. 2 w.)	61
Capt. J. Clark, New Glasgow	60
Cussie Vallis, Bermuda	60
Annie Vance, Port Hope	56
Capt. Hindy, Spring Hill	56
Mrs. McNeil, St. John 1	55
Alice Langell, Nanaimo	52
Lieut. O'Neill, Newport, Vt.	50
Capt. Norman, Newport, Vt.	50
H. A. Staniforth, St. Albans	50
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, New Glasgow	50
Capt. Welch, St. John 1	50
Bro. Ned Cossett, Sydney	50
Bro. Rodgers, Montreal 1	50
Capt. Wheaton, Wallaceburg	50
Capt. Staiger, Nanaimo	47
Kitty Jones, Livingston	46
Capt. Wilson, Sherbrooke	45
Lieut. Hollett, Wallaceburg	45
Lieut. Bragg, Woodstock	45
Capt. Fisher, Goderich	45
Lieut. Scott, Livingston	44
Lieut. Dorn, Barrie, Vt.	43
Sis. Lancaster, Great Falls	42
Lieut. Gatzke, Ingersoll	42
Capt. Cockerill, Clinton (av. 2 w.)	42
Sergt. M. Gwinn, Pembroke	40
*Capt. A. Bradbury, Pictou, N. S.	40
Annie Woodard, Brantford	40
Lieut. Keeney, Great Falls	40
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	40
Sergt. Palmer, London	40
Sergt. Butts, London	40
Sergt. Strong, London	40
Mary Knuckle, Goderich	38
Mrs. Yake, Ottawa	37
Capt. Pridmore, Campbellford	35
Fred Lean, St. John 1	35
Adjt. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax 1	35
James Kenn, Barre, Vt.	34
Capt. Stollicker, Riverside, Toronto	34
Bro. Mattlee, Cornwall	32
Capt. Coate, Trenton	32
Lieut. Grose, Napanee	31
James Moore, Halifax 1	31
Sergt. Collins, Halifax 1	30
Tom Whipple, Vancouver	30
Bro. Wallace, Rossland	30
Mother Lewis, Montreal 1	30
Capt. H. Banks, Napanee	29
*Hester C. White, Pictou, N. S.	28
Ens. Kerr, Ottawa	28
Lieut. Hancock, Amherstburg	28
Cadet Netting, Pugwash	27
Sergt. J. Crisiett, W. Sydney	26
Capt. Mrs. Clark, Drayton	26
Capt. Barker, Stratford	26
Capt. Will, Amherstburg	26
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	25
Bro. Douglass, Cornwall	25
Sergt. Mrs. Ford, Parry Sound	25
Jamie McDonald, Fredericton	25
Auntie No. 1, New Glasgow	25
Geo. Pickering, Bermuda	24
Capt. Bloss, Montreal 1	24
Fannie Mitchell, Fredericton	23
Laura Held, Halifax 1	22
Florrie Awalt, Halifax 1	22
Capt. LeDrew, Pembroke	22
Emily Howell, Riverside, Toronto (av. 2 weeks)	22
Sergt. V. Moyer, Ingersoll	22
Lizzie Cowie, Nanaimo	21
Lieut. Brokenshire, Pembroke	20
Sergt. L. Snider, Pembroke	20
Sergt. Mrs. Curnew, New Glasgow	20
Adjt. Moore, Riverside, Toronto	20
Capt. Mooers, Pugwash	20
Sis. Chillingworth, Montreal 1	20
Sergt. Norfolk, London	20
Sis. A. Brown, Port Hope	20
Cand. Randaw, Renfrew	20

War Cry Sergeant-Major May Nicholson,
Clark's Harbor, N.S.

—:o:—

The Champions this week at the top of the Roll
Are Ziebarth, Ayre, French, who keep well in their soul;
Then McIntyre, Johnson and Sleeth are there, too,
All six are brave boomers so loyal and true.

Chorus.

Pushing the "Cry" 'mong low and 'mong high,
These Champion boomers make "Cry" matters fly.

Sing the above to the tune of "Whiter than Snow."

Mrs. Bateman, of Stratford, is really keeping up her end and God will reward her for all the labor she puts into booming. Then Mrs. Beatty, of Fredericton, seems to be a new star on the Boom horizon. Lieutenant Hayman, of the above city, also comes to the front. Now Fredericton takes a prominent place. Such a city ought to be at the forefront.—Ensign Maggie Cowan also makes her bow—But she is doing noble things on "Cry" lines.—Ensign Kendall, of Brockville, deserves special mention. He has taken out a new lease and defeats his aide-de-camp, Captain Ben.

FAITH MEANS VICTORY. A Comrade went out "Cry"-selling. After selling out and returning home, the first thing that his wife said to him was, "Jock, cou's died."

In an instant the devil was right at hand with a suggestion: "There now, you've been out selling War Crys for your Father, and here's your cow dead." He then went on to say that if he hadn't faith in God the devil would have had the victory, but he had power to meet the foe and conquer. This is generally the way when a man or woman is working for God and trying to hurt Satan's kingdom; he will bring along a temptation with a surprise, and unless we have constant faith in God he will overcome us.

Say, where is London this week? Has Moulton forgotten to sell "Crys?" Surely not.—The two Annies of Port Hope deserve a pat on the back.

Ensign Burrows writes from Quebec: "The S.-M. sold 26 "Crys" to Mrs. Pheiffer and the factory hands of the "Cry" containing the photo of the late Mr. P—so much was this man loved while upon earth."

Thus again the "Cry" does good. "Times hard, that's why Captain has not sold so many. Please give her a little encouragement."

The above refers to Captain Dora Hindy, of Springhill, N. S. Cheer up, Dora!

Lieutenant Grose, of Napanee, an old T. H. boy, is keeping up his reputation for "Cry"-selling.

To Adjutant Phillips: Your boomers' names have been printed as often as they have come to hand. PRY.

The Central.

THE BOWERY.—God has been helping us and giving us victory. Our War Crys go well; the people give good in the collections, and six souls have sought pardon.
75 War Crys. Fred Burton, Lieut.

FIFTEEN SOULS.

OWEN SOUND.—We are rising. Praise the Lord! During the past week fifteen souls have found Salvation. We are marching on in the strength of God certain of victory.
148 War Crys. Lieut. Alice Charlton.

WHITBY.—One wanderer returned while visiting. Adjutant Maltby, Captain Young and Lieutenant King have visited our Corps. Their visit was a blessing and success. Our faith is growing stronger.
98 War Crys. Captain S. Tinney.

FENELON FALLS.—After nine happy months' fighting the net results are twenty-four souls, nine soldiers enrolled, eight recruits left, $75.00 for Harvest Festival and Self-Denial. One soul Sunday. Farewell Social brought in $17.00.
98 War Crys. Fred T. Miller, Adjt.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—Since coming here we can report victory. Things are looking up and crowds getting better. Grand meeting Sunday night; conviction stamped on many faces. One sister came broken-hearted to the Cross and found pardon.
154 War Crys. Lieut. Dales.

COLLINGWOOD.—We had an enrolment on Sunday afternoon, when seven recruits took their hand under the flag and declared their intention to be Soldiers in the Army until they died. There are some more to follow. We are in for victory in Collingwood.
135 War Crys. Capt. and Mrs. Wynn.

BARRIE.—The Soldiers' Roll-Calls are especially good and are well attended. The Bible lessons, given each week by the Adjutant, are of much blessing and interest. Souls are being saved, and Soldiers seeking to know more of God. Altogether, things are looking up, and we hear the Officers say it is the same all round the Division. To God be all the glory.
191 War Crys. One of the Soldiers.

LISGAR STREET Corps is in a good healthy condition spiritually, both Juniors and Seniors, also the Band. Mrs. Major Read received a grand hallelujah welcome home. She conducted the meetings all day Sunday. Results, two souls got beautifully saved. Our Siege in soul-saving so far goes well. Sunday night, while the devil was fighting at the one end of the Barracks, we were having souls saved at the other.
225 War Crys. S. McFarland.

A DEAR REPORT.

RICHMOND STREET.—Dear old No. 1 is not behind in the SIEGE. Staff-Captain Minnice and Ensign Kenning have farewelled after a week's fight. We gave our new Officers a good welcome for the coming week, to the persons of our much-respected leaders, Major and Mrs. Gaskin. They are accompanied by the dear Headquarters' boys. Dear Ensign Shea, the Assistant Editor, was all there. We had two souls at night.
225 War Crys. William Lewis, Capt.

HAMILTON I.—Monday, March 8th, the Juniors' String Band, twelve strong—autoharps, guitars, cornet, etc., etc., made their first appearance before a large audience, and was much appreciated. March 16th a Soldiers' Tea; the meeting after led by Staff-Captain Minnice will never be forgotten, and will live in the memory of some forever. Come again, Staff! It is not all smooth sailing, but the tried and faithful shall stand the storm, because we know our Heavenly Father is at the helm. He will steer the ship through.
383 War Crys. J. D. Harrison, Sergeant-Major.

You will be all right when you get rid of sin. That is your drawback—the curse of your life. Is it not so? You may blame your circumstances, your early training, evil examples, or anything you like, but, had you been a man with a holy life, you would have mastered those evils which, alas! have mastered you. There is but one way. You must face the position frankly and energetically, and get a salvation from sin.

North - West.

EMERSON CIRCLE.—Siege in full blast. We attacked the enemy with shot and shell, and after three hours' bombardment they retired. We captured five prisoners.
75 War Crys. Lieut. Swain.

WAHPETON.—Four souls saved. The SIEGE has started in good shape, about four have volunteered to become Soldiers.
50 War Crys.—Hewitt, Price, Kenmir & Co.

VIRDEN.—Big times this week. Ensign Thomas present for two nights. Captain Mitchell and (Cadet) Pangborn returned from the country and report having had good times.
75 War Crys. Reg. Cor.

EDMONTON.—Praise God we are still holding on. Wednesday night a spelling match. Lieutenant Hammond just recovered from measles. Brother Mackay has returned from Athabasca Landing.
140 War Crys. George Tait.

VALLEY CITY.—Three souls within a week; one of them burning his tobacco, and now testifies to having the appetite cleansed away. Captain Hobkirk has been with us. House packed to doors.
100 War Crys. Cor.

East Ontario.

SUNBURY.—Five souls claimed Christ, one a visitor from Belleville.
36 War Crys. C. Stata, L. Williams.

MONTREAL II.—Major Sharp spent three days with us. Monday night the D. O. commissioned the Local Officers; one soul saved. Tuesday, special Soldiers' meeting, led by Major Sharp; seven forward for greater victory.
146 War Crys. Magee.

PICTON.—We had the East Ontario String Band with us for the week-end; good meetings. Sunday night the hall was packed full to the doors and a number turned away. Three souls out for Salvation. 199 War Crys.
Captains Hill and Milson.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Sunday the enemy's ranks were broken into, and five prisoners were captured for God, making eleven since March 7th. Praise His Name! Backsliders and sinners are all welcome home.
104 War Crys. Dora Cole, Reg. Cor.

TOOK THE CAPTAIN'S ARM.

TRENTON.—Our Saturday night's open-air was a first-class time. A big fight in the hotel. One drunk took the Captain's arm and marched to the Barracks, bringing a big crowd. Barracks full. Converts keeping saved. Hallelujah!
115 War Crys. A. E. W. Coate, Capt.

NAPANEE.—New Officers have arrived and are doing well. Meetings good; crowds are increasing; church people becoming interested. Been blessed by another visit from the String Band. Two souls have sought the pardoning God.
132 War Crys. Ida E. Hearnes.

A SICK OFFICER.

RENFREW.—Although Lieutenant Carter has been very sick, and has had to rest, yet God has been working in our midst, and there is conviction stamped on many faces. Meetings are good; we are sure of victory. War Crys paid for.
132 War Crys.—Captain Vance, Lieutenant Carter, Candidate Yandaw.

PETERBORO.—A wonderful Saviour is Jesus. Praise God! We are having glorious times; God is answering prayer, and precious souls are getting saved. Never give in is our motto. Four more precious souls saved this week. Hallelujah! "The heavenly gates are blowing; the old devil is raging mad, but his crown has got to come down, and that with a hurlybulu."
365 War Crys. Treas. May Lang.

THE WORK AMONGST THE FRENCH-CANADIANS AT MONTREAL.

Our French Canadian hall at 254 St. Lawrence Street is crowded every Sunday evening with an attentive audience of French-Canadians, many of whom receive the Word of Truth gladly. We are sowing the seed, much of which falls on good ground,—and we know that we will reap in good season.

In the interest of the work we have to announce that a number of Local Officers have been consecrated for the work, whose hearts have been fervently aroused to the needs of this glorious war. I rejoice also to announce that lately four souls came to the penitent-form under conviction of their sin and confessed Christ. May they be sealed by the Lord and be born again into a new life, and be victorious to the end in the great contest against the world, the flesh and the devil. We know that in the Lord the victory is ours.—M. Robert, Adjt.

"Afflictions become a blessing when they move us to bolder prayer."

[OUR SERIAL.]

THE

LIFE OF EDWARD TRICKETT,

The World's Champion Sculler, now a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist.

(Continued.)

I took a little gentle exercise on the morning of the day of the race, after which, according to the instructions of my trainer, I went to bed for an hour or two. My window overlooked the river, and after a nice sleep I awoke, and, looking out upon the river, I saw thousands upon thousands of people lining the banks, and the river nearly covered with steamboats.

I sat upon the bed and gazed upon the vast crowd, wondering what I should be like a few hours hence. While I sat musing thus, my trainer called out, "Ted, Ted, jump up! It is time to be going out. Here are a lot of Australian friends waiting to see you. Dr. Forteseue is here" (he was an old acquaintance of mine). "Tell him to come up," I said. He came, saw me, pronounced me "fit," so, clad in a great-coat, I sallied forth. My, what a tumultuous cheering greeted my appearance! So

The World Greets Those Who Amuse it.

"The honor of Australia rests upon you to-day"; "Good luck, Trickett," etc., etc. These and other shouts greeted me from the Australians present, and the great crowd, forced back by the police, cleared a track for me to pass to my boat.

I soon got afloat, and pulled out into open water; my opponent being similarly accoutred, we soon drew up in line, ready for the start. Cheers and cries from all sides greeted us, but, I am bound to say, Joe Sadler, my opponent, came in for the lion's share, mine being mainly ironical cheers, my long back being the subject of many witticisms and chaff.

We received the final instructions from the umpire, and the crowd seemed to be breathless while the umpire called out—"Are you ready?—off!"

Oh, that men would be as earnest

In Pursuit of Salvation!

We started. My trainer was acting as pilot. After the first few strokes, finding myself steady and well under way, I glanced over my shoulder to see my opponent. I could just see the stern of his boat. He had gained a boat's length in a hundred yards. I received the signal from my pilot to go straight ahead, and getting an object in line with my boat, I settled down to work, quick and clean. Casting my eye over my shoulder, I could see him coming back at every stroke. I could now hear the dip of his sculls in the water, and a few more strokes brought the heads of our boats level.

At the Thames Boat-house I was leading by a boat's length, and when two boat lengths ahead my trainer signalled to me to have a blow, but as I was in no way distressed,

I Kept Pulling on.

My opponent continued to row splendidly, but to me appeared very much blown, and although I did not exert myself to a great extent, I got farther and farther from him.

Opposite the Grass Wharf we met with a light head wind which ruffled the water and gave my opponent much trouble. I looked at him with great astonishment and thought to myself, "I shall have good news to send home now."

On nearing the Soap Works, on the Surrey side, where an enormous crowd gathered, I was pulling twenty-eight to the minute, and did not know how to go slow enough to keep near, for I had received orders not to get further than four lengths ahead. Here a roar from

Twenty Thousand Throats

would rend the air. A little further on another mighty crowd had assembled and they would lift up their voices as we flew past them, so that it was a series of cheers all along the route. But to-day I care for none of these things. God is my refuge.

This sort of stimulated my opponent and he put forth spurt after spurt to reduce the distance between us, and his rallies helped him; but a little extra weight on my oars soon opened us again. This continued for three miles.

Here he put on a spurt so that at three and a-half miles there was scarcely any daylight between us; he, animated by the cheers, struggled gallantly and made such headway that even my best friends began to quake and fear for the result. But I was watching my man, and knew what was coming, and sure enough I saw him roll from side to side, his head dropped on is chest, and he ceased to row—done up.

I kept along the even tenor of my way, and as we were getting near

The Winning-Post,

I set out for it and soon heard the report of the gun that declared me the winner. The cheers rose loud and long and the mass of people surged closer to the side.

Up came Sadler, and backing our boats together, we shook hands. No ill-feeling marred the conquest by either conquered or conqueror.

Rowing to the umpire's boat I got my clothes and dressed, after which I stepped among the crowd, with my hat in hand, to make a collection for poor Joe Sadler, and I was very glad to be able to give him £76.

The return trip to Putney was like that of a conquering hero—bands played on the banks, the crowds shouted huzzas, and cheer rose on cheer, until it got a trifle monotonous.

On our arrival at Putney Pier we found it to be one mass of people, also around our hotel, while on all sides arose the cry, "Bravo, Trickett! Well done, young Australia!" The excitement was intense. I received quite an ovation.

The hotel was so packed that it was quite a job to get near, much less get into it.

The crowd surged round until quite a late hour, and nothing would satisfy but that I must come out and say something, and thank them for their good feeling. More cheering and they soon dispersed. If I were there to-day, I would speak to them of

A Christ Who can Save.

The evening was spent in receiving congratulations from many great gents in the City, and on Monday my trainer and I visited the office of "The Sporting Life," where I received a cheque for £400 and was pronounced to be the champion sculler of the world.

Having successfully accomplished the object of my visit to England, and reached the goal of my ambitions, I was quite prepared to rest on my oars, so to speak, and go home. However, one little incident happened which may not be beneath the notice of the reader. It was certainly exasperating to me at the time.

A young man at Newcastle, hankering after the championship of the world, sent me a challenge to row for £200 aside and the championship. I was bound to accept his challenge, and did so on condition that the stakes were £400 a side. It was agreed to, and instead of stopping short,

Giving up the World, and Living for God,

I started training again.

I was not in a dense sorry for this, as the weather was beautiful, and I had everything right. In fact, I was, if possible, in better condition than before, and it was evidently a case of walking in and winning over my unknown opponent, although the papers began to crack him up at a great rate.

A week before the match, however, my opponent and his trainer came down to Putney to finish his training on the course he would have to row over.

Next morning they were in their boat-shed preparing to get afloat the same time as myself.

After Looking at His Stylo,

my trainer said to me, "Now, Fred, mind what you're about. Whatever you do, don't pull hard. If you do they'll be sure to time you, and it's my opinion that if they do there'll be no race."

"All right, Harry, old man," I said; "trust me, I shan't spoil the game."

The tide was flowing nicely and the waters very smooth, so I trundled the boat to the starting-place and apparently

Dashed Away

for it, although I by no means turned on full speed, I then paddled leisurely to Hammersmith.

Judge my surprise and annoyance when on returning I found my trainer in an animated palaver with Taylor, my opponent's trainer, who had said to him, "It's all over, Harry. There'll be no race. We have taken your man's time this morning, and sent ours along after him, and find that we can stand no show whatever. You have got the championship."

At first my trainer treated this as a piece of bluff, but it soon appeared to be only too true, for they refused to put up the balance of the stakes, and would neither agree to forfeit that which was already down. The holder of the stakes also showed his unfitness for the position by keeping me waiting a whole month for my stakes' deposit.

I did not lose my time and training expenses, however, for the fair-minded people of the North, when they heard how I had been treated by my opponent's backers, in order to show their disapproval of the same, announced a subscription for me, and invited me to come to the North to receive the proceeds, which amounted to £200. This conduct was very nice and fair.

After this, still thoughtless of consecrating my life to God, I started for America, to take part in the Centennial Regatta, at Philadelphia.

(To be continued).

WHO WILL ACCOMMODATE HIM?

Lieutenant Gunerutna, S. A., Colombo, Ceylon, wants to exchange the English edition of the Indian War Cry (Illustrated, monthly) for the Canadian issue. Write him direct.

THE ADVANCE OF THE

Light : Brigade.

By MAJOR READ.

Here is a confession from a certain Local Agent: "I took a great interest in the boxes at first, but through not being willing to obey a command from God I fell, but God's Holy Spirit strove with me until at last I could hold out no longer and I came and gave myself afresh to God. . . so now I am going in with might and main to make the G. B. M. Scheme a glorious success." Doubtless all other Agents will thank God for this sister's great victory. It is really a grand one indeed, and now "we shall see what we shall see."—Strathroy must really regain its lost character. It has done very poorly of late. Stratford is on the slow pace, too; Mitchell ditto. Seaforth keeps up its good reputation, sending $11.73 for the last opening, while London has sent $12.57, and there is more to follow.—Port Hope, Cobourg and Bloomfield have increased their collections. Local Agent Birch, of Cobourg, is leaving her G. B. M. work to go into training, and even there she will have a chance to do some of this work. She did well at Cobourg. All T. H. Cadets will ere long have a chance to do something with G. B. M. boxes. The Commissioner has sanctioned an idea which will see daylight ere long. Keep believing and look out for its inception.—Ensign S. Scobell has been heard from. The phonograph is proving a good success. Bracebridge and Huntsville people turned out well. Those who live near any place to be visited by the Ensign, by all means go and listen to the wonderful talking machine. Hurrah for Orillia and its Agents. Misses Secord and Palmer. They got $7.22 at their last opening, and two new Agents have been appointed by name Jessie McClennan and Mrs. James. —Bardsville has been bombarded in G. B. M. matters, and Miss Langton, the school-teacher, has been appointed Agent. She has charge of 10 boxes. This is really cheering indeed.—Ensign Jest writes from St. John: "We have made a decided advance here in this city, and feel encouraged to go on to greater victories."—Here is a par from one of Ensign Scobell's recent letters: "God good times so far on my trip. Took in $20 last night at North Bay. Box money is turning out very good. The phonograph works fine. Had no difficulty whatever with it so far. All is needed is to keep the connections clean. God is good. Plenty of money country for gold. The boxes ought to pan out good in these parts." He writes from Sudbury.—Goderich and its Agents have just done well, raising $7.65 for the quarter, while Clinton has raised $3.12. Thanks be to the Agents and people of these places.—Sarah Haist, of Brussels, has just been appointed a new Agent and is responsible for 12 boxes. God prosper her.—Ensign Scobell has been experiencing great times of late. Following in a curtailed report from this dear brother: Newmarket.—Things are booming here at present in the Corps, but G. B. M. is low. Good time, one soul. Orillia came next. Here we had some opposition in the way of Uncle Tom's Cabin; nevertheless, a very good crowd and collection. Gravenhurst is rather tough. Captain and Mrs. Rowe are fighting away. We had the Barracks packed. Collection away up. G. B. M. is at a low pitch. Bracebridge.—Adjutant and Mrs. Bradley have things on the bell here. Souls are getting saved like a new opening. Barracks full, good attention and collection. We went out to Bardsville for a meeting. This is the first time that electricity was ever taken into that part of the country. It was a novelty in Huntsville. Arrived just before meeting. A good crowd. Had to leave again at two o'clock in the morning for Burk's Falls, to get the battery charged. Went to the station after meeting and threw myself on the soft side of the bench and waited for the train. Arrived at Burk's Falls at 3 o'clock a perfect stranger. 20 below zero. Went to Mrs. Kirk's (around them up. Went to church to listen to a sermon. 10 below zero. Thanked God I was a Salvationist. Left here again at 3 o'clock in the morning for North Bay. I am now getting into the mining country. Still very cold; lots of snow. Had some opposition here, there being a big hockey match on; but Ensign Brady was equal to the occasion. She had arranged for a big torchlight procession, to which every Officer and Soldier took a prominent part. Captain Glass and one of the Soldiers dressed in green and RODE WHITE HORSES. Ensign dressed as a Hindoo, while every Soldier wore a white sash and carried a torch. This caused quite excitement. Town Hall was full. Good interest. $20 collection. God bless the people of North Bay. Sudbury comes next. Talk about gold, this is the country for it. The Provincial Agent got the fever, after being here for a few hours. Brother Porter is pushing the boxes, and is in for the prize. So look out.

S. SCOBELL.

Coming - Events.

ADJUTANT PEASE will conduct special meetings for Soldiers and Christians as follows: (Tuesdays and Fridays) Lisgar Street, April 6th and 9th; Dovercourt, 13th and 16th; Riverside, 20th and 23rd; Bowery, 27th and 30th; Lippincott, May 4th and 7th; Yorkville, 11th and 14th; Richmond Street, 18th and 21st.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit: Coaticooke, April 3rd, 4th; Sherbrooke, 5th, 6th; Montreal, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th; Kemptville, 13th; Ottawa, 14th, 15th; Arnprior, 16th, 17th, 18th; Pembroke, 19th; Renfrew, 20th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN J. W. ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit Ingersoll, April 3rd, 4th; London, 5th, 6th; St. Thomas, 7th; Dutton, 8th; Duart, 9th; Ridgetown, 10th, 11th; Blenheim, 17th, 18th; Glenwood, 19th; Leamington, 20th; Harrow, 21st; Amherstburg, 22nd; Windsor, 23rd.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN A. PERRY (with Lantern) will visit Westville, April 2nd, 4th; Stellarton, 3rd; Charlottetown, 8th, 12th; Winslow Road, 9th; Summerside, 10th, 11th.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN S. SCOBELL (with Talking Machine) will visit Hamilton, March 31st; Dundas, April 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th; St. Catharines, 6th, 7th, 8th; Oakville, 9th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN F. McKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit: Fargo, April 3rd, 4th, 5th; Lisbon, 6th, 7th; Casselton, 8th, 9th; Bismarck, 10th, 11th, 12th; Mandan, 13th, 14th; Jamestown, 15th, 16th; Valley City, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

ENSIGN J. BARR (with Lantern) will visit: Spokane, April 1st to 7th; Kalispell, 9th, 10th, 11th; Great Falls, 12th, 13th, 14th; Helena, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th; Bozeman, 20th, 21st, 22nd.

SERAPHATICS' TOUR IN THE W.O. PROVINCE.

Windsor, 2nd; Amherstburg, 3rd, 4th; Kingsville, 5th; Leamington, 6th; Wheatley, 7th; Blenheim, 8th; Ridgetown, 9th; Rothwell, 10th, 11th; Wardsville, 12th; Newbury, 13th; Glencoe, 14th; Aylmer, 15th, 16th; St. Thomas, 17th, 18th; London, 19th.

W. O. P. SIEGE TOURS.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS will visit: Brantford, April 2nd; Galt, 3rd, 4th; Berlin, 5th; Guelph, 6th; St. Thomas, 17th, 18th; London, 19th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN TURNER will visit: St. Thomas, April 3rd, 4th; Clinton, 6th; Goderich, 10th, 11th; Windsor, 16th; Chatham, 17th, 18th; London, 19th.

ADJT. HAY'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lindsay, April 1st, 2nd; Fenelon Falls, 3rd, 4th; Kinmount, 5th; Norland, 6th; Coboconk, 7th; Cannington, 8th; Uxbridge, 9th, 10th, 11th; Richmond Street, 12th, 13th; Dovercourt, 14th.

HARVEY LORENZO, son of Captain and Mrs. Wynn, of Collingwood, Ont., recently dedicated to God and the Army by Adjutant Hay.

RED-HOT BLAZERS

FOR ALL MEETINGS.

Wash Me Throughly.

Tunes.—Near the Cross, B. J., 8, 3.

1 Jesus, save me through and through
Save me from self-mending;
Self-salvation will not do,
Pass me through the cleansing!

Chorus.

Through and through,
Through and through;
Jesus, make me holy,
Save me to the uttermost,
All the way to Glory!

Through temptations save from sin,
Self and pride subduing;
Save me through and through within,
Save me by renewing.

Through my thoughts and through my heart,
Through my flesh and spirit;
Save me, Lord, through every part,
Through Thy saving merit.

Through Thy light to perfect day,
Through Thy cleansing Fountain,
Through Thy holy, happy way,
Up Thy holy mountain.

—:o:—

There's Mercy Still for Thee.

Tune.—There's Mercy Still for Thee.

2 Oh, come to Jesus, trembling soul,
Look unto Him and live;
Accept the pardon full and free,
That He alone can give.
Upon the Cross the debt He paid,
That you might now go free;
Your chastisement on Him was laid,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee.

What will it profit though you stand
And gaze upon His love?
What though you long in mansions fair
To dwell with Him above?
These good desires which God has given
Will never save your soul,
Unless you plunge into the flood,
You never will be whole.

Oh, sinner, will you come just now,
His pleading voice obey?
Give up your sin and to Him cry,
While it is called to-day!
Oh, haste! the night approacheth fast,
Your race will soon be run,
Your chances be forever past,
Eternity beean.

L. M. C., Clark's Harbor.

—:o:—

Bring Your Burden to Jesus.

Tunes.—Tell it to Jesus Alone; Bring Your Burden to Jesus.

3 Sinner, are your sins to you a burden?
Bring them to Jesus; bring them to Jesus;
Bring them all and plunge into the Fountain,
Bring them to Jesus just now.

Chorus.

Bring them to Jesus, bring them to Jesus,
Bring them to Jesus just now;
Bring them all and plunge into the Fountain,
Bring them to Jesus just now.

He will pardon all your past transgressions,
Bring them to Jesus, bring them to Jesus;
Do not doubt; just now receive this blessing,
Bring them to Jesus just now.

If in sin you die unpardoned, sinner,—
Bring them to Jesus, bring them to Jesus;
From His Judgment Bar will you be driven,
Bring them to Jesus just now.

Love and Mercy stand as guardian angels,
Bring them to Jesus, bring them to Jesus;
And the Blood is ever interceeding,
Bring them to Jesus just now.

ARTHUR SHEARD, Captain.

—:o:—

Waiting at the Cross.

Tune.—Bringing in the Sheaves.

4 Walking close to Jesus, walking in the sunlight,
I can never doubt His glorious power to save;
Resting on the promise, trusting in His guidance,
I have put my all beneath the cleansing wave.

Waiting at the Cross, waiting at the Cross,
I shall get a blessing waiting at the Cross!

Kneeling at His footstool, kneeling in all meekness,
I am always sure to get a blessing there;
List'ning to His bidding, keeping ever faithful,
I need never fear the wily tempter's snare.

Fighting 'neath His banner, fighting for His glory,
Oh, how sweet to have our Saviour ever nigh;
After strife and battle, after patient serving,
We shall walk in white with Jesus by-and-bye.

—:o:—

With Sword and Shield.

Tune.—We are Marching O'er the Regions, B. J. 61, 1.

5 We are marching o'er the regions
Where the slavery of sin
Is enforced by hellish legions,
But we'll fight and we shall win.
Step by step we march along,
Never daunted, fearing none;
True liberty from self and Satan,
Is our song.

With sword and shield we take the field,
We're not afraid to die;
While the standard of the Cross is waving o'er us,
We raise on high our battle-cry,
And all hell's powers defy.
Scattered by our ranks the foe falls down before us,
March on! March on!
Heed not the cannon's roar!
March on! March on!
There's a crown when the battle's o'er.

Have you heard the voice of weeping,
Have you heard the wail of woe;
Have you seen the fearful reaping
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh, heed, the world's great need!
To save the lost, like Him who saved you,
Forward speed!

Trade : Department.

IT IS AN EASY THING

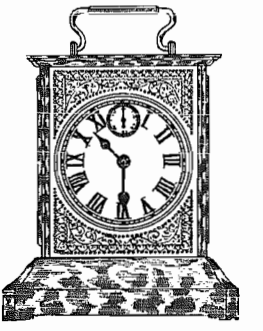
to put down figures on a blackboard, and no one disputes that 3 and 2 make 5. It is, however, more difficult to make a three go as far as a five. Most people are particular as to how they spend their money. The worst way, certainly, is to buy cheap goods, for invariably they are found to be dear in the end.

WE RECOMMEND good material, and that's the only kind we sell. We are not afraid to offer our goods to the public. On the contrary we invite inspection. Write to us for price list and samples of cloth, or any information you desire regarding our Trade, and such will be sent you prepaid by return mail.

IT STRIKES YOU AND YOU

THAT one of the best means to aid the cause and help forward the good work is by purchasing your clothing, etc., from a concern that is managed on the most economical basis, and which turns over every cent of profit to the lubricating of the salvation chariot. We appeal to your reason and ask: Is the above not profound in principle and irresistable in effect?

MUSICAL CLOCKS.



A real cheer to weary people, and an inspiration to all.

They are handsomely got up, nickle plated with polished brass facing and handle.

They are good timekeepers besides being a splendid piece of furniture.

Variety of tunes as follows:

(NOTE.—Those marked "Alarm" can be set to go off at any time, while those marked "strike" play a tune at the end of every full hour.)

Alarm, single tune, "Trusting Thee Ever,"....	$4.00
Strike, " " "	4.00
Alarm, " "Grace There is,".....	4.00
Strike, " "	4.00
Alarm, double tune, "Trusting Thee Ever," "Grace There is," played alternately....	4.50
Strike, double tune, "Trusting Thee Ever," "Grace There is," played alternately....	4.50

Have you seen the **BOOK MARKS?** They are beauties. The illustrations give you but a faint idea of their appearance. The full size is 2½ x 10 inches, and they are worked with silk in six different colors. 25 cents each. Shall we send you one of each? 51 cents will pay postage and all.

A PICTUREGRAPH BUTTON

of our beloved Commissioner. All who have seen it pronounce it "as true to nature as can be." The pin is made of spring brass and will not break. Altogether it is a splendid production and well worth 10 cents, but all we ask for it is 5 cents each. Everybody can afford to have one.

We are not responsible for miscarriages by mail. To ensure safe delivery 5 cents extra should be sent for registration.

Communicate with your P. O. on Trade matters, or send direct to

STAFF-CAPT. HORN,
Trade Secretary,
Salvation Army,
Toronto.

CONQUERORS.

Gone from Point St. Charles.

A Salvation Army funeral yesterday afternoon at Point St. Charles attracted a large concourse of people. The remains were those of Mrs. Peter Summerton, who had been a soldier in the Army for several years, and who had won the regard of all connected with the Army at the Point. There was an inspiring service conducted in the Barracks by Major Sharp and Adjutant Coombs. The funeral service adopted by the Army is characterized rather by a solemn joyfulness, than gloom, the whole being inspiring rather than saddening.—Montreal Paper.

—:o:—

A Veteran Promoted.

On Sunday morning, March 7th, Father Hanes fell asleep in Jesus. He was converted at 48 years of age, and at the time of his death was in his 89th year. Nine years ago, when the Army opened fire in Morrisburg, he was one of the first to welcome them and has ever since been a true friend and has been a great help financially and spiritually. He has a son in California, an Officer in the Salvation Army, and it was one of the happiest events of his life when that son "joined 'em." About two hours before he died he desired prayer, so we gathered around his bed and sang and prayed with him before he took his departure. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like him."

A. A. WHITTEKER.

Crowded out last week.

MONTREAL II.

346 War Crys.

Your humble servant had the privilege of addressing the students of the Wesleyan College on the invitation of Principal Shaw, who, with Professor Harris, received me very kindly and said some kind things about the Army. Seven souls have been saved at Point St. Charles.

Adjutant T. A. Magee.

GRAVENHURST.

100 War Crys.

Last Wednesday night, Ensign Jones, of Orillia, and Adjutant Bradley, of Bracebridge, with two sleigh-loads of Soldiers, were with us. We had an old-fashioned meeting, winding up with six in the Fountain. Sunday, good meeting; three souls.

Captain and Mrs. Rowe.

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